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Notes of the Week

WE are not quite sure whether Mr. Lowther will be disposed for long to continue in the position of Speaker of the House of Commons. There are many considerations which may weigh with him leading to a decision to vacate the office. Much of his surroundings must in the present day be eminently uncongenial to a man of the Speaker's temperament and training. We do not think the notice put down by Mr. Martin, the learned member for East St. Pancras, will cause Mr. Lowther much uneasiness, but Mr. Asquith has not dealt very nicely with the occupant of the Chair. In introducing his revised version of the Home Rule financial resolution, the Prime Minister declared in his opening sentences that nothing would induce him to question the authority of a decision of the Speaker; but in the concluding sentences of the same speech he proceeded to do this very thing. There is no reason why Mr. Lowther should continue in a position which can only be tolerable when deference and courtesy are extended to the occupant of it. We are sorry for Mr. Cave's sake to hear his name coupled with the possible vacancy. No man better qualified to preside over the House of Commons, as it used to be, could possibly be pointed to; but, things being as they are, we much hope that the learned and much-esteemed member for the Kingston Division of Surrey will reserve his great powers in order to re-establish the reputation and authority of the great administrative office for which he is clearly marked out.

We have received the first annual report of the Committee of the Kingston and District Sea Training Brig. The scheme was definitely taken in hand in the autumn of last year, and in that short period has, owing to local enthusiasm and generous grants, become an accomplished fact. The Duke of Bedford, the Drapers' Company, the Corporation of London and the Merchant Taylors' Company have given generous support to the local endeavour. The Committee at the outset worked in the face of some discouragement; the scheme in some quarters was described as useless and superfluous. The Navy, it was said, was not in need of personnel, and the Committee would fail to get their boys taken into the Mercantile Marine. The Committee proceeded calmly with their task, and have made arrangements which will falsify all the evil prophecies which *laissez aller* suggested. The "Steadfast," an oak-built vessel of 100 tons burden, formerly the sea-going tender to the "Exmouth," will shortly be at her moorings off the Kingston and Surbiton promenade, and, handsome in appearance, she will also be fully equipped to give the best practical training to boys, who will in due course be passed on to the "Warspite."

We are extremely glad to observe that our friends and contributors Mr. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett and Mr. "Herbert Seabury" have, distant as they are at the seat of war, scented with unerring instinct the calumnies which the less reputable section of the Radical press and of the Radical platform orators would be launching against the hitherto-defeated but eminently gallant Turkish soldier. They know that when the supply of news is short, atrocities are always put on the market. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett in his graphic telegrams has borne eloquent testimony to the conduct of the Turkish soldiery. There are few defeated armies which would not have reason to be proud if such passages as these could be truthfully written of them:—

No one can doubt that the men are brave after seeing them strolling about under shrapnel fire at Lule Burgas, as calmly as if they were saying their prayers. They are also the most gentle and well-behaved troops in the world, and no other army in retreat would have shown so much forbearance.

And again:—

I am a Christian, and King Ferdinand has proclaimed a Holy War; yet the starving soldiers shared their last crusts of bread with me. The Christian villagers were left in peaceful possession of their property, and I saw soldiers who had eaten nothing for five days pass flocks of sheep, geese, and chickens untouched.

Evidence in support could be multiplied, and yet there are those in this country who claim a monopoly of righteousness, but who, as we think, are equally devoid of shame as of conscience, who apparently revel in assimilating and reproducing gruesome gossip to defame defeated troops whose virtues they, in similar circumstances, would not be likely to emulate.

The Choice

WHEN all my life's delights are shed,
And fades from me my latest sun,
Wreath violets about my head,
And lay me where still waters run.

A white and marble tomb prepare,
Carven with emblems of desire—
A faun, a nymph with floating hair,
A Cupid with an unstrung lyre.

There to the tree's shade, at high noon,
Let shepherds come to talk and sing;
And maidens, to a fluted tune,
Wind and unwind their dancing ring.

And when the glow-worms light the grass,
And stars are flickering in the dew,
My shade about those fields shall pass,
Where I was an Arcadian too.

W. P. R. KERR.

The Idealist

IN a thoroughly practical world, where effort, unless successful, is generally ignored, where dreaming is regarded as a species of insanity, and where love is gravely dissected by the scientists in the hope that eventually it may prove to be some curious form of chemical which can be treated with solutions, precipitated, and analysed with a view to placing it on the market in carefully measured and regulated quantities, it may seem superfluous to talk about beauty. Beauty is a disturbing element in the doctrine of the materialist; like the surd in mathematics, it is there, it has to be reckoned with, but it can never be exactly defined; and your true materialist has a lively horror of things that cannot be exactly defined. Give him a row of pigeon-holes wherein he may neatly secure his opinions and discoveries, and he is happy; unfortunately he cannot often be really happy, since he is always finding that there is a great deal more in the universe than can thus be snugly labelled. Self-sacrifice, for instance, and beauty, and mystery, are three troublesome things "left over," and he hardly knows what to do with them.

We lose patience with people who are for ever striving to define beauty, whether they be poets or philosophers—though with the poets we admit some friendly feeling, since sometimes in the effort to define it they produce it; the only occasion, probably, when the analyst becomes the creator of the very subject that is baffling him. Why not acknowledge freely that there exist qualities that cannot possibly be defined? We can well imagine the persevering lexicographer faltering when he comes to the word. "A pleasing combination of qualities in a person or object," says one; "a particular grace or excellence." "The appearance and properties in any person or thing that please and delight the eye," says another rotund voice; "those qualities in a thing

that delight the mind or any of the senses"; thus confessing, in the most abject way, that all the wisdom of the schools is a poor thing when it attempts to encage and limit the transcendental. For ourselves, we should rather suggest—not define—beauty as the sign of the spiritual set upon the material world, whereby he who runs may read that the infinite is not to be measured by earth, by the circlings of a little brown planet round a rather small and insignificant star. It is the light, invisible in itself, yet giving evidence of its splendid presence by colours and strange glooms. To explain it is impossible. We do not add to our dignity by endeavouring to explain the thrill of a sunset as the result of "a pleasing combination of qualities" in the atmosphere and the clouds, or by trying to interpret the appeal of a rose by admiring the "particular grace or excellence" of its chemical constituents—interesting though these researches may be.

If we regard beauty as the sign of the spiritual set upon the material world—a sign, let us note in passing, that may be debased or wilfully misinterpreted—then the universality of the craving for beauty, for beautiful things, becomes significant in the extreme. We begin to understand many mysteries; poesy lays soft hands upon us, and touches blind eyes to sight. We begin to see the necessity of the symbol in a life that is so limited in its comprehensions and expressions; to realise that the symbol, the visible presentation, may be the key to inner meanings which are akin to the divine. The spirit "leaping and shining like a mountain water" does not irradiate the earth-bound, but it may draw its nourishment from things of earth rightly seen, and it may gleam as brightly from the eyes of a child with a bunch of wild-flowers as from those of one more learned who finds hints and suggestions of a world beyond his knowledge in the repeated miracle of the spring. If the craving for beauty be strangled, we have the ascetic; if it be unduly pursued, we have the hedonist; both are the outcome of a perverse outlook on life, both perched on opposing pinnacles of selfish wisdom that crumble and slip at the ringing blast of the trumpets of reality; and, paradoxically, the realist in this case may be a thorough idealist. His perception is the keener by reason of its added spiritual intensity; he has two viewpoints—as it were an earth and a heaven, and thereby achieves a vision far more accurate in its perspective and memories far more lasting and active. He may be more sensitive, and, if his faith is shaken, he is forlorn in his misery because of the very happiness he has known; but we may safely say that he is more secure in his faith, as a rule, than his brother of Flatland. For he has arrived at his state through deep waters and hard weather, by many dangerous straits and shallows, and is so much the more fitted and strengthened to hold fast in his harbourage. That the haven is temporary, a mere resting-place in a voyage that is but just begun, matters little; so far he has come safely, his riding-lights are bright; and when the mists that gather at evening disperse in the dawn which he knows must come, he will put forth with good cheer into the fresh, mysterious morning.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

Language and Character—I

By PROFESSOR HERBERT STRONG.

MANY of us are interested in Philology, though many of us do not apply that learned term to our reflections on the subject. But the fact remains that, as often as we seek the origin and history of a term or phrase, as often as we reflect on the propriety of using one word rather than another to express our meaning, nay, as often as we ask ourselves whether we are writing correct grammar, we are calling the science of Philology to our aid. Now, modern Philologists are turning their attention chiefly to the special branch of their science which we call Phonetics—i.e., the changes in sound which pass upon language, whether such changes occur in the mother-tongue or in the course of the parting off of divers languages from the parent stem. This science, important as it is for classification of the families of language, is one which must be left to specialists; but there is an aspect of the science of language which is of interest, and within the understanding of any reader who is familiar with any language besides his own, viz., the particular way in which the language spoken by any nation reflects the national character. Different writers have shown how true this reflection is in the case of particular languages, among whom I might mention Wedewer and Geiger and Abel; but there is room for a competent linguist to compose a most interesting treatise which should embrace other than European tongues.

Whether thought is possible without language is a disputed question: but it is at least certain, for all practical purposes, that, for human beings at least, the instrument whereby thought works is no other than language. Language is as much the natural product of the human mind as leaves and fruits are of plants; we can alter language to a certain extent by the influence of Academies or of American Presidents, just as we can improve plants by grafting or transplanting, but the fact remains that language takes its origin independently of human will, and that even after the influence of culture has been brought to bear upon it, it develops not in accordance with man's will. In its structure, in its metaphors, in particular shades of significance assigned to words which formerly bore a different meaning, in its loan-words, in its rhythm, and its cadences, language reflects more or less perfectly the changing thoughts of the greater part of the nations. It is, generally speaking, safe to say that nations speaking a language which has no word to express any given object or conception, lack the possession of such objects or conception. It is also true that words which are used to express general ideas, conceptions, abstractions, etc., will serve as a guide to show how a nation arrives at and endeavours to express such ideas: "a stone" is a stone the whole world over, but "justice" is a very different quality as conceived by a black slave and by his master.

The grammatical structure of the sentences exhibits

the methods whereby the individuals in a nation group their thoughts. Grammar, no doubt, ought to be moulded by logicians: but the people are not logicians; they can succeed in making their meaning plain without the aid of Aristotle or Whately. Consequently the grammatical structure of a language represents the order of their thought and the relative importance attached by them to subject and object. Just as the lack of a name for an object or conception seems to imply its absence in the mind of the speakers, so does the German maxim hold good, "Liebe Sachen haben viele Namen." In Sanskrit the number of words referring to philosophy and religion is so numerous as to suggest that those who spoke that language must have been immersed in things spiritual, that the priests must have been much interested in transcendental subjects: "They let the thundering legions pass, and turned to thought again."

Greek again offers a rich store of words for philosophy, art, and science: in fact, the terms belonging to these departments of knowledge have been borrowed by all the civilised world from that fine language. English nautical terms are largely borrowed by our neighbours, and have largely entered into our national vocabulary, as in phrases like "a fair-weather friend," "a good berth," "a sheet in the wind," "the devil to pay and no pitch hot"—the devil in this case is nothing more malicious than a certain rope which demands pitch to stiffen it.

Then turn we to Latin. We should guess the speakers of this language to be before all things an agricultural people, who, when not employed in agricultural pursuits, were engaged in war and in building a system of law. The origin of many of their common words seems to point to this conclusion. Such are *delirare*, "to plough crooked," then "to be mad"; *tribulare*, "to thrash corn," then "to trouble"; *emolumentum* (*molere*), "the proceeds of corn ground," hence "any gain"; *seculum*, "the season for sowing" (*serere*), like "saison" in French, transferred from meaning a date of a couple of months to one of a century. Many Roman proper names denote original connection with Mother Earth, such as Cicero, "the Chick-pea man"; Lentulus, "Mr. Haricot"; Piso, "Mr. Pease"; Caepio, "Mr. Onions"; Dorso, perhaps "the furrow-maker"; and many others. Take a few of the Latin metaphors, and they will make good the assertion of Cicero: "Scutum, gladium, galeam, nostri milites non plus numerant quam humeros, lacertos, manus: arma enim membra milites esse ducunt." *Spoliare*, "to strip an enemy of his arms," then "to despoil"; *intervallum*, "the space between two valli or stakes used in the defence of a camp," then "any space"; *princeps*, probably "the first taker or snatcher of the spoils of victory," then "the foremost." Many other instances might be cited. Roman law has imposed much of its system and of its nomenclature on the civilised world, and it is significant that the first task set to the Roman boy was to learn by heart the laws of the twelve tables, as that of the Greek boy was to learn Homer. Our own English language, besides nautical words, has given

to the world a variety of commercial and political terms and expressions for sport. The French has lent us terms expressive of social life and refinement: German is strong in philosophical and metaphysical expressions. Loan-words, then, afford us valuable material for the formation of conclusions alike as to the character of the nation which lends them and of that which borrows them. Thus the Romance languages borrowed many terms from the Old German: these have mainly reference to war and warlike achievements, whence we might with reason conclude that the power which destroyed Varus and his legions was a mighty fighting race.

The very word "guerre" itself comes from O.H. German "werra," our "war": and many other words might be cited, such as "herberge," "champion," "heaume," "escrime," "dard," "heuter," "lansquenet." The Italians have given us our terms for music, and also many terms of the Stock Exchange, including the word "bank." To take a few illustrations of the light shed by the national language upon national character, let us consider some features of French, German, and English. The Frenchman is clear, pointed, and precise: hence his emphatic words for denial: "ne pas," "ne point." He is impulsive, restless, active-minded: hence many usages as *faire faire*, "to get done"; "il fait chaud," "froid," "faire une perte"; even *faire la popotte*, "to lounge about"; and many other similar expressions.

But he is before all things the product of social life, and loves all that can make life attractive and free from monotony: hence his vocabulary is exceptionally rich in expressions for intercourse. Think of the numerous French words to express wit: "pointe," "saillie," "trait d'esprit," "mots à double entente," etc.; of "persiflage" and "espièglerie"; while for talking and gossiping we have "causer," "jaser," "babiller," "jaboter," "hâbler," "bavarder," "caqueter," "dégoiser," "jaspiner," "déviser." The German is a thinker, a philosopher, something of a mystic, hence he owns a number of words significant of different modes of apprehension, as "wahrnehmung," "vorstellung," "begriff," "idee," "verständnis," "vernunft," which have in his language acquired shades of meaning difficult to render either into French or English. Corresponding to these, the Frenchman has words like "esprit," "raison," "entendement," "idée," "perception," "notion," words which are more precise, but shallower in their contents. "Esprit" is the French equivalent for "geist"; but it conveys to our minds something delicate and pointed, like the language of a Parisian belle, while "geist" suggests to us the fruit of mature and profound reflection.

The Doom of the Turkish Army

IF Europe generally—the Europe which knows Turkey only through its newspapers—stands amazed at the débacle of the Ottoman Army, one continuous flight down to the last heroic stand in the red hour of Chatalja, what of those who have known the Turkish soldier in his zenith at home? To argue that his morale has changed, that the rank and file of the

regulars are different in spirit or physique from the heroes of Plevna, is to confess ignorance of the unchanging East. No; the soldier is the same; it is his Government and his contractors who have betrayed him, and he lies to-day stark on the frozen battlefields, a pathetic figure of one who might, with his last breath, have prayed for salvation from his friends. The Young Turks, and more particularly the Committee of Union and Progress, came into their heritage with the goodwill of the Powers, and those of us who were with them in their hour of trial and in the rejoicings which followed can recall the misgivings with which at the time we watched the clean sweeping of the new broom.

Apart, however, from the dismal truth that the Committee has in some respects miserably failed of its purpose, and in others even betrayed its sacred trust for personal gain, the Augean stables were not a harder problem than the rubbish heap of the old régime. By deposing the Padishah, moreover, and removing his sacred person from the capital, the revolutionaries destroyed the one abiding symbol which, whatever may have been his political crimes, roused his soldiery to a frenzy of valour. With their new Sultan but a figure-head, they went, grim regulars as well as raw levies, into the fight with half-hearted indifference, and it needed the last ditch of Chatalja to reawaken the old fighting spirit that once all but broke through the walls of Vienna. Above most of his neighbours—and this, as events have proved during the past few weeks, is saying a good deal—the Turk is a fighting animal. Not his worst enemies ever charged him with cowardice in action. If he has been kept on the run during the recent operations—and it may be that the unending series of illustrations in the Press, photographic or purely imaginary, depicting those wretched lines of fleeing bullock waggons, have told but half-truths—the fault has rested with those responsible for the organisation of the army. He has been betrayed, even as our own men were betrayed in the Crimea. Contractors grow fat, and widows and orphans are left to mourn their unburied dead. Such is the way of war. True, the Turk fights with bravery rather than with brains, but, given a chance, he fights till he drops.

When I was last in Constantinople, during and after the "Affair of April" in 1909, General Von der Goltz was loud in praise of the material on which he had to work, and Enver Bey, then a popular hero, whom I frequently met at a restaurant that we patronised daily, assured me that the German estimate of the army was in no way exaggerated. At the same time, the personnel of that army had undeniably deteriorated during the long reign of Abd-ul-Hamid. In the heyday of his power, with Germany for his friend and the other Powers tolerant, he cared chiefly for the safety of his own person, and would not even permit his artillery to practise with ball cartridge for fear lest Yildiz should be made its target. Few of his non-commissioned officers could read. I well remember how, on the occasion of the present Sultan's investiture by the Tchelebi of Konia in the Eyub Mosque, one well-known newspaper correspondent managed to gain admittance to

the official enclosure, near the Adrianople Gate, by boldly presenting to the officer on guard one of the police passes with which, with the city in a state of siege, we had been provided for use in the streets after sunset.

When Von der Goltz, last in a long succession of foreign instructors that began with M. de Bonneval, officially known as Achmet Pacha, took the organisation of the Supreme Military Council and General Staff in hand, he found a desperate state of affairs in the burlesque system of promotion then in vogue. The Sultan used in those days to bestow rank on a principle suggestive of Gilbertian opera. Little cadets at the Galata Serai, fourteen-year-old sons of favourites, were accorded the standing of captain, major, or colonel, and, on leaving school, passed into the army with their rank; while, so reluctant was the Sultan to see his favourite officers superannuated, white-haired captains of three-score-and-ten were no uncommon sight at the Friday Selamlık.

The rout of the Turkish Army at the very gates of Byzantium is not so much the aftermath of all this mismanagement as the result of betrayal from within. The *redif* (or territorials) may have been weak, but the *nisam* (standing army) was probably as fine fighting material as ever at the outbreak of hostilities. It has been demoralised by lack of equipment. It has perished by the greed and political ambition of the new occupants of the Sublime Porte. When I last saw that venerable building, it showed a breach made by a cannon-ball from the insurgent upholders of the old régime. Had that breach been followed up by a clean sweep, the Turkish Army would have come victorious out of the campaign. As it is, Ichabod!

F. G. AFLALO.

Three Irish Poets*

WHAT is sometimes called the Irish revival, but what is more truly a revival of English poetry by Irish poets, has entered on a new phase, in drama and in poetry. We have had occasion in these pages to note that the newer generation of dramatists at the Abbey Theatre have turned away from the inspirations of beauty that moved those who first lit that torch with whose flame Europe is concerned, to pursue a realism, or actualism, that would in the early days not greatly have stirred the beginners. We have also referred to the fact that the natural result of this has been a dissipation of the wider and profounder artistic interest. One may demur at it, but the fact remains. The great being of man is more perpetually concerned with beauty and splendour than with a reproduction of the surroundings of the conditions of his days or a whimsical treatment. Or, to

quote from Mr. Stephens, the poet should be able to say—

I tore the shackles from my feet,
The bandage from my straining eye,
I spread my wings above the street
And soared upon the sky.
I knew the stars for friends, and knew
The sun and moon more happy grew
To see me flying by.

The same relinquishing of beauty, despite Mr. Stephens' stanza, is to a lesser degree to be noticed among the younger poets. In Mr. Stephens' own work, with all its revel and abandon, it is there. It is excellent to be able to say, through Tomás Cam when he was grumpy—

I would not debate with learned men
Of how, and what, and why and when;
I'd train my tongue to a linnet's song,
I'd learn the words that couldn't go wrong.

Though it is worth remembering that that same linnet would not have concluded a song with the lines—

Yesterday he gripped her tight
And cut her throat—and serve her right!

It might or might not have been an excellent thing to do, but in Mr. Stephens' poem it certainly was not. In Mr. O'Sullivan's song, purer if less spontaneous in the sense of possessing less devilment, the same realism threads through it like a sullied homespun with the finer weaving. His songs are beautiful, some of them exquisitely beautiful, but there is always the memory in them of other things that are very far from beautiful. Sitting beside a lake side in winter the incomparable beauty of the scene is marred for him—

Because a heron wild with hunger screamed
By that old dún across the frozen lake.

It is perhaps not difficult to see why this is so in one and the other. It is all part of the utterly disgusting way in which modern days treat the poets; starving them and uplifting immoral financiers, and thus condemning their boasted civilisation in the minds of the decent of thought. Of the three poets before us it is only Mr. Cousins who escapes the soilure of modern life with its crude realism; and he does so by escaping to old mythologies without making us feel that they are much more to him than tales out of books.

Indeed, if the poets are not failing as the dramatists are failing, it is just because they are poets and because the dramatists no longer see the necessity for a dramatist to be a poet first and foremost. If the banner is apt to droop, nevertheless it is still in their hands. It is only that they have forgotten that their other hand should hold a good, clean, straight sword, such a sword as Francis Thompson had, as Shelley had, as Shakespeare had when he wrote "King Lear," as Æschylus had. The defence and creation of beauty is ever a battle, though sometimes the battle is a starker business than it is at others; and it will not do if half the issue be avoided by letting ugliness encroach where beauty should be supreme. Nor is this at all to say that beauty is only of one order; that it is not a various and passing wonderful texture.

*Poems. By SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN. (Maunsel. 3s. 6d. net.)
The Hill of Vision. By JAMES STEPHENS. (Maunsel. 3s. 6d. net.)
Etain the Beloved. By JAMES COUSINS. (Maunsel. 3s. 6d. net.)

One of the first results of such a relinquishing naturally is that the poet's clearness of vision is dimmed. A curious example of this is to be found in a poem of Seumas O'Sullivan. He sings—

Bundle the gods away :
Richer than Danaan gold,
The whisper of leaves in the rain,
The secrets the wet hills hold.

But it is the leaves in the rain and the great wet hills that are the gods. Or, rather, the gods and they are so indissolubly bound together that one cannot bundle the one away without bundling the other away. It is just this that is the difference between Mr. O'Sullivan and Mr. Cousins. One will not let us see the gods through the wet leaves, and the other will not let us see the wet leaves in the gods. Mr. Stephens is of Mr. O'Sullivan's inclination, although he disguises his position by an irresponsibility and gaiety that is altogether winning. He has justly turned from the dreams of long ago, but it seems that he has forgotten that the dreams of long ago may have had something that is not less urgent now as then. Indeed, he himself sings—

And yet the dreams of long ago had got
A colour my awakening forgot.

Yet, when all this has been said, the supreme fact remains that all of us, reviewed and reviewer alike, are young men seeking to find the world and all that in it is for ourselves, and the young man who has found his wisdom has probably found it wrong, has certainly found it little, and his hour will soon be over. And in each of these poets there is the memory that the poet should be the pioneer—not necessarily to find new country, but surely to find the old country for himself, and to see it from his own approach. We do not think that they will long let themselves be caught in mere decoration of life. The curse of much modern art, and especially pictorial art, is that it makes no effort to attack the central being of life, being content, fantastically or otherwise, merely to decorate its exterior. The trace of this, in one way or another, is to be found in each of the three poets whose books are before us, but the deeper things beat there too, and they will beat themselves out.

For this reason, driven to the invidious choice of expressing a preference, we have turned more often to Mr. O'Sullivan for that joy in re-reading that declares how well a poet has won us. Some of the matter in his volume has appeared before in his earlier volumes. He is a fastidious workman. None of his poems is of any great length; he is more anxious to catch the fleeting fairy-lights of poetry than to sing the greater songs. And he catches these lights; he catches them in quite indisputable poetry. His "Poems" is a book that will make frequent travels down from the shelf of its repose. Mr. Cousins' book is chiefly comprised of the poem that gives it its name. He tells the tale well, and with poetic colour, only he fails to make it significant to the perpetual heart of man. It is too much a mere tale; it too

much adorns a tapestry and not the being of life. By this we do not mean that it has not a meaning imposed upon it, far from that indeed; an imposed meaning and a spiritual significance are happily two very different things. Mr. Stephens is the gayest and most irresponsible of them all. As we have said, his irresponsibility is more than a little inclined to be crude. His Hill of Vision is more often a Mount of Derision, though sometimes he is to be discovered on the slopes of the authentic hill. But each of the three volumes has a very manifest place in the new outburst of poetry that is coming upon us.

Artists

UNLESS he is a painter—we do not mean a house-decorator, but a person who works on canvas, or paper, or copper-plate—beware of the gentleman who calls himself an artist. In nine cases out of ten, charlatan will be a better description.

Of course, we would not restrict the word to its vulgar use, quite apart from the fact that there are plenty of painters who are not artists. But to call yourself an artist is to make a claim upon virtue, and right-minded people prefer that their honours be not self-bestowed. Potentially, anyone who seeks expression through a medium is an artist; but it is one thing to write, or act, or paint pictures, or model in clay, or play the fiddle, and, more often than not, quite another to make of craft a fine art.

Really the word artist is one that is gaining in dignity. If the writings of men like Blake and Shelley and Nietzsche and Yeats have much meaning for us, we are jealous to be worthy of the name of artist, as men in bygone days were to be called saints. It is the last word of praise. But those little coteries of people, who seek, by eccentric behaviour and silly extravagance, to draw the name upon themselves from the vulgar, only bring the word into reproach. They read little and think less, fearing lest the divine afflatus which fills their heads be dispersed by the little hammer of sound reason. Never having experienced true sentiment, they despise honest feeling as sentimentality, and simulate love with a Byronic parade of passion. They learn their craft with less skill than do conjurers, and spend their lives trying to pass themselves off upon the ignorant as something other than, in their heart of hearts—if they possess such an organ—they know themselves to be. They reach their nirvana when they are fully persuaded that their vapid drivellings are written at the dictation of a divine Muse.

In a scientific age these wretched *poseurs* thrive. Their very distance from life is as bird-lime to the open-mouthed herd that mistakes astonishment for discovery. And they have their reward. It is the reputation of a rocket. A glance back over the past ten years will show a long list of forgotten names inscribed, in real

Egyptian gold, on the roll of sensation by the finger of that courtesan, Notoriety. And the ostentatious lady is still writing.

These are they who arrogate to themselves the high dignity of being artists. But the splendour of the word, since Blake added to its meaning, proves a seduction to better men. Writers possessing a little imagination, and a correspondingly timid hold upon life, grow curious about the way in which works of art are made. They have enough personal experience to make the subject interesting to themselves. A passing fancy gleams, and they give their little expression to it. Then, instead of profiting by their experience and thrusting out their energy, they retire into themselves to find out exactly how the little miracle happened. Gradually they become more concerned about the psychology of experience than anything else. The means interest them so much that they lose sight of the end. They are so avid of ideal perfection that they use words with a microscope. With their pockets full of matches, they are always waiting for fire from heaven. Their attitude becomes more and more distrustful, until they finally "dry up," thoroughly embittered, to waste much time in belittling the efforts of the half-successful.

Contrasted with the timid precious ones are the writers to whom the word artist is anathema. They are—by your leave, or without it—navvies, or tramps, or sailors, or experienced linen-drappers, or bath-chair men—something very real, very redolent of the soil, very brave, and very anti-social. They do not cultivate the art of literature. They write. Their motto seems to be, "Slap it on with a big brush, so that the blind can see." They have observed life so well that they know by a man's appearance the exact amount of his washing bill, or perhaps everything else. Commonplace is their mistress. But because art sees all things in proportion, and because they have merged their personalities in a mass of material until the sense of values has been lost, they are not really artists. They are usually bad photographers, and need not walk in fear of being anathematised.

All the same, the real artist has always found life interesting. But the primary condition in the making of a real artist is that he find his *own* life interesting. That is his true material. Everything must bear a personal relationship to him. It is only what has passed through the fire of his own imagination that yields refined gold. If he is a novelist, his novels are not what the dictionary calls fiction—"conventionally accepted falsehood"—they are his interpretations of certain phases of life. They are the records of his spiritual adventures. The real artist is little concerned with the impression his work makes. Truth is his ideal. Understanding is his pursuit. Experiencing delight, he is anxious to share it. Seeing unity in diversity, he creates an image of his own vision. He is proud to be called an artist, for the name signifies to him one who esteems things in their true values, and is able, through his craft, faithfully to record his steps toward his ideal.

M. P.

REVIEWS

Marianne and Her Enemies

Republican France, 1870-1912: Her Presidents, Statesmen, Policy, Vicissitudes and Social Life. By LE PETIT HOMME ROUGE (ERNEST ALFRED VIZETELLY). With Nine Portraits. (Holden and Hardingham. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. VIZETELLY has composed a work that should rank with the best that have appeared on the thorny subject of modern France. He has no need to force a sympathy that many circumstances have conspired to foster, and at the same time he has been able to keep a sufficient measure of detachment for his judgments to claim attention both in the land which he has served and in that which he has only observed. This detachment, paradoxically enough, while keeping him for many purposes outside the arena where France asserts her claims as a nation, only partially extends to French internal politics: Mr. Vizetelly combines two capacities, that of the foreigner in France and that of the fervent friend of the "bloc," or the Republican Concentration, or whatever the newest phrase is. The result is by no means hurtful to his authority; rather we are disposed to judge that his work has gained by his partisanship; he is so intent on demonstrating the excellence of the cause he proclaims that he cannot endure the semblance of a falsehood or a misconstruction; consequently he is scrupulously just to the opponents of his ideas. Thus he is at pains to indicate in a footnote that M. de Casagnac and the *Soleil* at first favoured a more exhaustive inquiry into the Dreyfus case. The good faith Mr. Vizetelly claims in his preface is manifest throughout his book.

We are not saying that we agree with the author in every particular; on the whole, we find ourselves disagreeing with him rather too frequently for our complete peace of mind. But that is because Mr. Vizetelly's bugbear, like Gambetta's, is Clericalism, while ours—possibly as the result of a somewhat abnormal experience of French conditions—is Anticlericalism. But from the translator of "Vérité" and the "Conquête de Plassans" organised Christianity must expect some hard knocks, and the attack is, at all events, straightforward and honest. The recurring phrase about "stepping straight out of the Middle Ages" is perhaps a good enough rope to hang clerical dogs with, but we cannot approve the form in which the predominance of Catholicism and lukewarm Republicanism in the navy are explained:—

The seaman is usually more inclined to religion than is the landsman, and until recent years no real attempt was ever made in the French service to combat the superstitions engendered largely by the dangers of the seaman's calling.

We find it difficult to believe that the Republican ideal includes the official preaching of "la libre pensée."

The great question of Republicanism as the ideal polity for France is well and shrewdly answered by Mr. Vizetelly. At the outset it was, according to Thiers,

merely "le gouvernement qui nous divise le moins." At various stages in its career the Third Republic has only shone by comparison with its possible alternatives; the enemies of the Republic were so divided as to make any radical change of government almost inconceivable; in the great public scandals of the period, such as that of the Panama Company, the opponents of the régime have been involved quite as freely as its supporters, and Boulangism was not an attractive business. But in the end the Republic has come to be a great deal more than a mere negation; especially under M. Poincaré, whose administration is just within the scope of this book, the Republic stands for a fruitful and national idea, for service and sacrifice. We have known Frenchmen incapable of distinguishing between France and the Republic. This is no doubt an exaggeration—for the matter of that we have known Englishmen who consider that the idea of loyalty has no applicability to a republic—but there is no doubt that the Third Republic is now a really representative government. To those who would put party and "forms of government" above patriotism Mr. Vizetelly records the fine answer of the Duc d'Aumale, who presided at the trial of Bazaine:—

"There was nothing left," he (Bazaine) said at one moment, referring to the position of the country after the fall of the Empire, whereupon d'Aumale gravely retorted, "There was France."

Mr. Vizetelly is, if anything, more severe for the extreme left than for the extreme right. He is an authority on Anarchism, whose manifestations he discusses at some length. He considers the Commune,

on the part of those who fomented it, one of the greatest crimes that history has been called upon to record.

For one thing, it nearly killed the Third Republic in its cradle. Then the negotiations that took place between the Germans and the Communards were extremely discreditable to both parties. The startling development of Socialism during the last decade or so Mr. Vizetelly leaves on one side—it is the most important lacuna in his book. The future is, we admit, rather more than uncertain, but we should have thought that the ministries of MM. Millerand and Viviani and the premiership of M. Briand called for some comment; and the career of M. Jaurès, one of the most striking personalities in French politics, seems to us to be rather too lightly dismissed.

Two points made by Mr. Vizetelly and bearing on modern problems have struck us as particularly good. He thinks that the two decisive reasons for Italy's adhesion to the Triple Alliance were the French policy at the Vatican and the Tunis adventure. Then he places the spread of alcoholism in France to the account of the siege of 1870, when the scarcity of food was compensated by an abundance of drink. Among his general conclusions we find that he considers that the French peasant is less prosperous than he has been, or rather that he saves less money than formerly.

No book on such a big subject could reasonably pretend to completeness. We have pointed out what we ourselves consider the lacunæ in the present work, but when any reader has made all the reservations that occur to him he will still find an immense amount to interest and instruct him. Mr. Vizetelly has had an eye and an ear for everything. He has mixed in every society, and has reproduced, with the inwardness of every movement, what is in many moods a great deal more interesting, the externals of the actors in it. Grévy's billiards, Faure's marksmanship, the girth of Bazaine and Pélissier—not him of the Apollo—are all deemed worthy of notice. The ramifications of ancient houses, whose dissociation from public life has long been a weakness to the Third Republic, the early careers of his heroes, the position of the various claimants to the throne, all these are excellently discussed. The popular songs are given, sometimes *in extenso*, and the Offenbach successes and other theatrical events fall naturally into their places in a singularly human narrative. We cannot resist the mention of the banker Lognon, who, on his marriage and at the request of his wife, adopted the name of Charlemagne as a substitute for his own less romantic one.

Mr. Vizetelly has achieved what we once believed impossible, and what we sometimes relapse into again believing impossible—he has two nationalities. It is perhaps only possible for a journalist who is a foreign correspondent; a diplomatist is, or should be, essentially a unipatriot, and most other exiles are either fiercely in love with their own country, or have conceived an exclusive and unholy passion for some other. But Mr. Vizetelly, whose zeal for France is unquestionable as against other countries, is altogether on the side of his own country when the debate is between her and her nearest neighbour. That is why, in spite of the repeated appearances of the head of Charles I—that is, Major Dreyfus—and the priests in his pages, he has written a true and admirable account of modern France.

A Philosopher in His Library

Among My Books. By FREDERIC HARRISON. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

HERE is a book of a type all too rare in England. Ostensibly a series of "Centenaries, Reviews, and Memoirs," it is really, for the most part, an informal talk about books and bookmen. We have known Mr. Harrison in a variety of characters; as the strenuous protagonist of Positivism, the grave and balanced historian, the acute and accomplished critic. Here we find him in a milder mood. The day's work is done, and the author, from the depths of an easy chair and before the glow of a comfortable fire, talks to us of the things that interest him most. He is under no sense of constraint. He invites us to share his enthusiasms. He confesses to his prejudices and limitations. Always the scholar, he is exquisitely urbane, discursive, entertaining.

Mr. Harrison has devoted a considerable portion of a long and strenuous life to the reading of books. He is, he tells us, devoting the remainder of it to the re-reading of the best of them. He knows which books are worth preserving, and which may safely be confined to the dustbin of forgetfulness. He is no pedant. He knows his classics as few modern writers know them. He is steeped in Homer, in Virgil, in Æschylus, in Horace, in Dante, and in Calderon. And, though he can quote from the original, he is content to read in translations. For commentaries he has no use, and the wisdom of the wise he rules out of court as an unnecessary impertinence. But to the books themselves he returns again and again. And to the book-lover he proffers this wise advice: "Read your old books again, those you have forgotten, those you never cut—but read them in some pleasant and portable form."

He has, of course, his preferences; nor does he always—being in something of a relaxed mood—attempt to hold the balance as between one author and another. A sane, if a devoted, Shakespearean, he is not greatly drawn to the Elizabethan tragedy writers. His criticisms on Marlowe, Massinger and Beaumont and Fletcher, are full of good sense.

Of course (he writes) I admire as much as any man the red-hot passion and superb music of Marlowe, that Cæsar Borgia of our poets. No man with an ear can be deaf to the triumphal march of Marlowe's "mighty line." His "Hero and Leander," his poetic pieces, are another thing. He was indeed a great poet, or a great poet *manqué*. But his terrific plays—even "Faustus," the only one I could often read without pain—are as tragedies the splendid failure of an abnormal and precocious genius. Their Gargantuan megalomania, their ferocious egotism, their inhuman brutalities, to my taste, ruin even their pompous rhetoric and semi-delirious imagination.

Perhaps Mr. Harrison does something less than justice to the unquestioned genius of Marlowe. Perhaps the trumpet of revolt is sounded with too shrill an insistence. But how valuable is such a judgment as a corrective to the over-praise of Lamb or the unbalanced and uncritical adulation of Swinburne! That phrase, too—"The Cæsar Borgia of our poets"—how it fixes and defines—better than whole reams of formal criticism—the place of that flaming star in the planetary heaven of English poetry!

No reader of this volume can fail to be struck by the wide range of Mr. Harrison's interests. From a *causerie* on general literature, ranging from Goldsmith to Horace and James Smith, he turns to a discussion of the Homeric problem. He is a traditionalist in the matter of Homer, rejecting—not without a touch of scorn—the theory of a multiple origin of the Iliad advanced by such writers as Professor Murray and Mr. Walter Leaf. Here he finds himself on the same side as Mr. Gladstone—a writer with whom he could have had but little else in common. "Before I can believe that the Epic was concocted by an unknown series of

poets," he writes, "I would rather believe that the *Faerie Queene* was a hotch-potch founded on the Saxon Chronicle, and 'worked over' age by age by Layamon, Langland, Lydgate, Chaucer, Malory, and Wiat." It is but seldom, however, that Mr. Harrison strikes this high pontifical note.

Then there are papers on Tennyson, on Westminster Abbey, on Charles Eliot Norton, on Chatham, on the London Library—to name but a few items in Mr. Harrison's feast of good things. Finally, Mr. Harrison lets us into a secret which we hasten to give away. He shall tell the story himself:—

Mr. Kegan Paul, an old friend of mine, and once closely in touch with our Positivist body, took much interest in the new edition of the "Imitation," which he was commissioned by Cardinal Newman, of the Oratory, to publish. Kegan Paul came to me one day and asked me if I would undertake the English translation for the Cardinal. I naturally hesitated, saying that his Eminence would hardly care to put it in my hands. "I have already consulted him," said Kegan Paul, "and he is quite willing to have you as a translator—adding that he would himself see that the theology was sound, and all that he wanted was an accurate translation in perfectly pure English." I confess my modesty shrank from such a test of my literary resources, and I declined the responsibility. But I have always remembered it as one of the most graceful compliments which I ever received since I could hold a pen.

It was, no doubt. And one can only regret that that English translation was never undertaken.

This is a book written by one of the greatest of English bookmen for the lover of books. To such an one we commend it without hesitation or reserve. Open it where he may, he will not fail of his reward.

Mental Deficiency

The First Signs of Insanity: Their Prevention and Treatment. By BERNARD HOLLANDER, M.D. (Stanley Paul and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE ACADEMY of July 16, 1910, contained a review of "Hypnotism and Suggestion" by Dr. Hollander, and in the present work the author has gone a step further in giving his researches on a successive stage of a subject on which he is undoubtedly a great authority.

The first chapter of the book is entitled, "When is a Person Insane?" and the gist of the matter is that in the earlier stages many cases might be cured if suitable care and treatment were provided. This is so, but the duty of doing this lies on the relatives of the person who is living on the borderland. A patient is only certified insane when his conduct becomes unsafe to himself or to others.

As the writer says, insanity does not come as a thunderbolt out of the sky. There is, therefore, no excuse for persons having reasonable means to neglect or not to care for these first symptoms, and if they fail

in their duty, they should not complain if their friends or relatives have to be treated by the law as it is in force to-day.

Disorders of the animal passions, of the social affections, of the intellect are dealt with, and throughout the book there are very full cross references which add much to its value. A chapter is devoted to hereditary disposition to insanity, and the writer says: "Opinions vary as to the relative importance of heredity and education in the production of adult qualities. By heredity being understood all those qualities and capabilities which exist at the moment of birth, and by education all those external influences which are brought to bear upon the child from the commencement of his life. Some people credit education with powers that are altogether beyond it, ascribing to it all the qualities whether good or bad possessed by the adult, others, like the writer, consider heredity to be the more potent factor—and later, the conclusion of almost every man who has written about mental unsoundness is that heredity is by far the most frequent and most potent predisposing cause of insanity. Without it there would be very little unsoundness of mind in the world."

The logical outcome of this is that it is the duty of persons of either sex who have a mental taint not to continue the chain, but to abstain from marriage, and this duty is not merely a personal one, but is due to society at large. Touching this question, it will be interesting to note the fate of the Bill introduced by Mr. McKenna in the House of Commons, known as the Mental Deficiency Bill, carried in the House by a majority of 223, and now in the Committee stage.

The remedy suggested is segregation and the deprivation of the opportunity of procreating children. Of course there will be much outcry on the part of others than the feeble-minded against such an interference with personal liberty, but surely in this case the end will justify the means, and the suggestion of such an Act is an outcome of modern civilisation and the welfare of the many against the restraint of the animal passions of the few.

Treating of the increase in insanity we read: "One of the reasons why uncivilised people are less prone to insanity may be that they lead a simpler life. They are not subjected to political or religious storms, and have no refined pleasures of life, but are given to a natural mode of living."

Civilisation favours the occurrence of insanity through the enormous growth of population of great cities; with the resultant evil influences, hygienically and morally, the increase of a mentally and physically degenerate proletariat, pauperism, predominating factory life, lack of marriage, the increasing intellectually and morally destructive craze for riches and luxury, and the greater struggle for existence.

Men and women live in crowded cities under unnatural conditions, and perfect mental or moral development cannot be the rule so much as in healthier surroundings of village or country life. In these latter, too, the average mediocre intellect can find its medium

in which it can safely thrive, while it would be much more likely to succumb if transplanted into the hurry and bustle and the fierce struggle for existence of city life.

Let us add a few words on the much vexed question of inebriety, or more shortly, drink, as a cause of insanity. Dr. Hollander's dictum on this is: "Many lunacy specialists hold the opinion that insanity is largely due to drink, ignoring the two dominant facts that insanity is on the increase and drink is not. My experience has taught me that the number of insane owing to intemperance is comparatively small, but that the defective self-control of persons inclined to insanity often leads to drink, and even a glass or two in such tainted persons may produce the appearance of drunkenness." Alcoholic drink in moderation may do no harm to the healthy, but it is "rank poison" to unstable brains and brains that have been injured or are diseased. To sum up, to no class of persons is intemperance more dangerous than to those inheriting an unstable nervous system.

Our own personal knowledge of perhaps a dozen cases of this kind confirms every word of the author's opinion—and we agree thoroughly with him that "the State gives the right to sell all sorts of drink amongst the poor. The State, therefore, should do its best to protect the poor from its influence by the earlier closing of public-houses, and by insisting on the absolute purity of the drink supplied."

It is, of course, impossible to go through this work fully in the limits of a review, and we must leave the student to do this, but we have a word or two to say on the concluding chapter, "Insanity and the Law."

Dr. Hollander believes in a born criminal, and we at present agree with him after some experience as a visiting justice of a large prison. There is a typical criminal who is born in crime, born into crime, and whose vocation is crime, by a physical and psychical proclivity—not amenable to moral treatment, as shown by the absence of all remorse. The difference between the madman and the criminal is that the one *cannot* and the other *will not* exercise self-control.

In our view there is nothing to complain of under the present system of treatment. Many think that if a person charged with a crime is insane, or on the borderline, he should be dealt with in quite a different way from an ordinary criminal; should, in fact, be segregated at once, and not punished for a crime he did not know he was committing. We are not writing of cases of murder, where the evidence of insanity may be pronounced and distinct, and where as a rule the prisoner is committed to await His Majesty's pleasure—in other words, sent to an asylum for life, but of minor cases where the author and others seem to think hardship is done by sending such a one to an ordinary prison.

A modern prison is not labelled like the entrance to Dante's Inferno, "Abandon hope," etc. It is a filter bed for dealing with the persons sent there. A report from the doctor of the prison where the prisoner may have been under remand, accompanies him, and on his

arrival to serve out a sentence every possible care is taken to ascertain his mental condition. If circumstances warrant it he is sent to the hospital, either with other prisoners, or in a separate observation cell, and if his state of mind does not justify his detention in prison, where, of course, it would be impossible to carry out a proper course of treatment, he is examined by two doctors and two justices, and sent away to an asylum. There is, therefore, no cause for thinking that a mentally defective person convicted of a crime against society suffers in any way under the present system. His food, his labour, his health, are all carefully regulated according to his requirements and physical and mental needs, and he is much better off than in a workhouse infirmary. Further, if a man charged with an offence is apparently of unsound mind, many magistrates—especially in London—remand him to such a prison as Brixton that observation may be kept and a report made on him before he is further dealt with. If the report indicates that he is of unsound mind, he is treated as a pauper lunatic.

The difficulty again of trying at the same time whether a man is guilty of a crime and also whether he is quite responsible for his actions, is obviously too great. Recently a case came before us where a man was charged at Quarter Sessions with fraudulent bankruptcy. He had been through the ordeal of the preliminary hearing when he was committed for trial, made a speech from the dock on his trial, stating quite lucidly that he had no intention of defrauding his creditors by what he did, but was found guilty by the jury and sentenced to four months' imprisonment in the second division. When we saw him after he had arrived to serve his sentence it was reported that he had been praying openly in his cell, and on our asking him why he had done this he stated that he had been praying to God to help him in his trouble, and he was quite satisfied with the result, for he had only been sentenced to four months' imprisonment, whereas he expected twelve. He was found unfit to be treated as an ordinary prisoner, and was accordingly sent away for proper treatment. This is only one of many similar cases which go to show that under the present system every care is taken and no hardship done.

In conclusion, we thank Dr. Hollander for a very valuable contribution to the knowledge of this most difficult subject, although it leaves a dominant impression that everyone is more or less insane. If its perusal by ordinary practitioners results in only a few cases being dealt with and cured before the unfortunates bring lasting trouble on themselves by doing some injury to their own persons or to society at large, we are sure Dr. Hollander will consider himself amply repaid for the labour he must have taken in writing this book.

His complaint of the want of facilities to ordinary students to study the disease in the asylums where it is treated, rests, of course, with the managers of the various institutions, the subject being, on his own showing, such a vast one that it must evidently be left to specialists to be dealt with if any success in treatment is to be obtained.

Since writing the above, we understand that there is in the press the report of an exhaustive statistical inquiry, conducted under the supervision of Dr. Karl Pearson, into the physical and mental characteristics of criminals, which may alter some of our opinions.

W. N.

The Problem of Infant Protection

The Elements of Child Protection. By SIGMUND ENGEL. Translated from the German by DR. EDEN PAUL. (George Allen and Co. 15s. net.)

THE problem of child-protection is one of the most vital confronting the social economist and the legislator at the present day. Dr. Sigmund Engel's book is a notable contribution towards the literature of the subject, chiefly by reason of its lucid and dispassionate analysis of the causes which render child-protection necessary in the modern state, and of the practical acquaintance displayed in its pages with the difficulties which beset the path of reform. Though much is done more remains to be done. The learned author is at small pains to conceal his leaning towards reorganisation of the social fabric upon a socialistic basis, but he never lets his personal views upon such matters interfere with his treatment of present facts from the standpoint of existing theories regarding them, and the means available towards the particular end desired.

Such vexed questions as that of State control over the procreation of children, and the punishment of juvenile offenders, are fully discussed. The causes of infant mortality, numerous as they are, are enumerated; but the suggested remedies are, as is inevitable, confined to generalisations. With regard to education the author's view is that the child must be educated in accordance with the needs of its own individuality. In our own country the provisions made towards attaining such a desirable object have been vastly extended and improved during recent years. We are unable to follow Dr. Engel when he tells us that education is "a postulate of social life alone," and that education "has no bearing upon the life of persons living in complete isolation." The number of the latter is so small as to be negligible, but it remains true that education tends towards individualism, not towards gregariousness.

Again, in spite of the author's socialistic tendencies, we are a little surprised to find him bluntly and dogmatically asserting that "the chief cause of poverty to-day is unquestionably capitalism." A little later he tells us that "the true child-protection, the child-protection of the future, will take the form of the destruction of capitalism." His higher instincts apparently led him to forget the proposition which we have just quoted when he came to deal with the question of the regulation of women and child labour; for under that heading he informs us, as is the fact, that "manufacturing industry does not come to a standstill because, in consequence of regulation, certain processes previously performed by women and children have now to be carried out by machines or by men. On the contrary, as a

result of this, the industry becomes more vigorous and more efficient."

Throughout the work Dr. Engel insists upon the superiority of preventive over curative measures. Indeed, the motto of his whole teaching might well be the single word "prophylaxis." How thoroughly we have learnt the lesson in this country may be realised in any police court in the kingdom upon any day of the week. Indeed, so far as the administration of justice in this realm is concerned the ancient notion of retribution has practically disappeared from the penal system.

Whatever may be our visions of the future we agree whole-heartedly with Dr. Engel that when once children have been born we are bound, even from the point of view of self-interest, to do the best we can for them. As a lucid and comprehensive treatise upon the subject we recommend this work to all those of our readers who are interested therein.

Shorter Reviews

John Hungerford Pollen. By ANNE POLLEN. (John Murray. 15s. net.)

THIS is an excellent biography, well edited, with more discrimination and commendable discretion than is usual in such works. The Rev. John Hungerford Pollen was a Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, and Senior Proctor in the early fifties of the last century. His life divides itself into two parts, the periods before and after his secession to the Roman Catholic Church in 1852. He came of an old Wiltshire family, and on his mother's side was descended from Pepys.

The first part of his life is largely concerned with the early storms and controversies of the Tractarian Movement. He wrote a little book about the troubles of S. Saviour's, Leeds. Many people to-day, if unacquainted with the history of that time, would find it difficult to believe in the existence of such amazing prejudice and cruel persecution of hard-working, good men. A calm and unbiased view, after sixty years have passed, suggests the reflection that as Wesleyans were driven out of the Church in an early day, so many Tractarians were driven out then for holding principles now admitted to be quite compatible with the teaching of the Church of England. After his secession, John Hungerford Pollen came to the conclusion that he had no vocation for the Roman priesthood. So he turned his attention to art, and studied in Italy. Returning home, he became Professor of Fine Arts in the Roman Catholic University of Dublin, where one of his first important works was the decoration of the University Church, the Basilica of SS. Peter and Paul.

In 1858, during the Long Vacation, William Morris, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and others decorated the Oxford Union Debating Hall. To Pollen was assigned "King Arthur receiving his sword Excalibur from the Lady of the Lake." But as everybody knows, these beautiful paintings, owing to

the state of the walls, perished many years ago. Pollen now settled in London to his profession of decorative artist and architect, and during the rest of his long life accomplished a vast amount of beautiful work, some of the finest in great houses, Kilkenny Castle, Blickling Hall, Ingestre Hall, Clontra, co. Dublin, and St. George's Hall, Liverpool. In 1863 he became Assistant Keeper of the South Kensington, now the Victoria and Albert Museum, and, many years later, private secretary to the first Marquis of Ripon. He was a man of marked personality; as Sir George Birdwood wrote, "It is everything that his biographer should realise that, great as John Hungerford Pollen was in his public and official life, he was greater *in himself*."

Vancouver to the Coronation: A Four Months' Holiday Trip. By J. J. MILLER. Illustrated. (Watts and Co. 5s. net.)

THIS book contains an account of a trip from Vancouver which had for its chief aim the witnessing of the Coronation of King George V. The matter, the author tells us, has already appeared in the form of letters in the *Vancouver World*. At the first glimpse the book would decidedly appear of greater interest to the overseas visitor than to the Londoner, since photographs such as those of the Tower of London, Hampton Court, and the Albert Memorial are only too common on this side of the water, and it would seem a little difficult to find anything new to say in the description of such places. Nevertheless, there is a freshness and a breeziness in Mr. Miller's account of his travels and in his praise and criticisms of the ways of the mother country which afford pleasant reading. The same may be said concerning those portions of the book which deal with Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Paris, and Waterloo. Doubtless some critics may complain that the author has dealt with many matters which are trivial; but the pleasant frankness of his work must rob the most virulent of his severity.

Dogs and Their Masters. Compiled by MARION CHAPPELL. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 5s. net.)

MANY books have been written about the dog, and Mr. Chappell adds yet another to the number. The present volume is an anthology of prose and verse in praise of man's most faithful friend; but, in addition to a great variety of extracts from the works of well-known authors, it also contains signed contributions from prominent dog-lovers not hitherto published. The illustrations, some of which are in colour, form a special feature of the book. Among them is a wire-haired terrier by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., now published for the first time; Sir Henry Irving's "Fussy"; the author's collie, "Brush"; and two groups of typical dogs' heads.

Mr. Chappell has gone to many sources for his material, and has not hesitated to draw freely on both reality and invention, with the result that he has collected many gems together concerning our canine pets which are sure to prove welcome to every dog-lover.

The following is by that graceful versifier, the late Mortimer Collins:—

He lies in the soft earth under the grass,
Where they who love him often pass.
And his grave is under a tall young lime,
In whose boughs the pale-green hop-flowers climb;
But his spirit—where does his spirit rest?
It was God who made him—God knows best.

George Eliot was a great lover of dogs. In "The Mill on the Floss" she makes Bob Jakin say:—

"Lord, it's a fine thing to hev a dumb brute fond on you; it'll stick to you, and makes no jaw."

Which is more than can be said of many bipeds.

At one time it was the custom for collie dogs to accompany their masters to church, and the churchwardens were provided with "dogs' tongs" to keep them in order. Specimens of these instruments are still to be seen in churches in Wales, Herefordshire, etc. As recently as 1856, a "dog-whipper" was appointed to Exeter Cathedral, and in an old church near Petersfield "dog-rails" are still in existence, placed between the communion rails, evidently for the purpose of preventing dogs from entering the chancel. The dog is placed at the feet of women in monuments to symbolise affection and fidelity. Many of the Crusaders were represented with their feet on a dog, to show that they followed the standard of the Lord as faithfully as a dog follows the footsteps of his master. The volume embodies quite a rich and varied collection of canine lore.

Lord Ripon in India. (An Historical Reminiscence). By NRISINHA CHANDRA BANERJEE. (Training Academy, Monghyr. 6 annas.)

If there ever was a man fundamentally more responsible than another for the recent unrest in India it was Lord Ripon, who pushed forward the natives and belittled his own countrymen, contrary to all advice, tradition, and precedent. Lord Ripon's Viceroyalty (1880-1884) was the parting of the ways. He is remembered for his policy of local self-government—*lokil sluff*, as the natives called it—which he foisted upon India; for the Ilbert Bill—for the trial of Europeans by native magistrates—in which he had to accept a compromise tantamount to a defeat; for his repeal of Lytton's Vernacular Press Act, which in recent years has been re-passed in a milder form; and for the general tenor of his anti-English administration. So far as he was unacceptable to the Europeans, he was beloved by the natives. The author believes that "the name of Lord Ripon shall be best inscribed in the scrolls of immortality as the inspired redeemer of our country, 'the Prophet-King of Anglo-Indian History,'" and again, "shall descend down the distant posterity as the great Regenerator of India." It is truly stated that Lord Ripon "always associated himself on the popular side," that is, against the governing class, he being the head of the Government. This booklet, a maiden undertaking, wanders

over a wide field, from English politics to Indian events, from Gladstone to Mr. Keir Hardie, who is termed a man of very refined taste and vast literary qualifications, and "was for some time in India, and it is expected that he had studied well the Indian condition of life," from which the reader can estimate its worth. Mr. Banerjee is evidently well pleased with his booklet, as "no attempts have been made here to play any mischievous prank." His mistakes in names and spelling are innumerable, but are not worth cataloguing. Lord Ripon's position in Indian history will not be improved by these sketchy reminiscences of a partisan.

Following the Drum. By HORACE WYNDHAM. Illustrated. (Andrew Melrose. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. WYNDHAM describes seven years of life with the colours very minutely, and at the same time accurately. He served for that period in the ranks of an infantry regiment, and, having gained experience of various home stations, together with some little knowledge of garrison life in Gibraltar, Malta, and Egypt, purchased his discharge at Capetown to avoid five years as a reservist.

To one who knows nothing of military life, the book cannot fail to prove interesting, for it was evidently written before the author had time to forget the minute details of an existence that is totally distinct from life outside the barrack gate. One who has had experience of the miniature world in which the army lives apart will, however, realise that this record is incomplete. As an instance, Mr. Wyndham refers to the defaulters' call as the "angel's whisper," in which he is undoubtedly correct, but he makes no mention of the far more popular term for that hated call, "Paddy Doyle," while of "jankers" for "days to barracks" there is never a mention. No vocabulary of military slang can lay claim to completeness unless these two terms are included.

In his estimate of officers and non-commissioned officers, Mr. Wyndham is accurate to a degree, and his description of barrack-room life is photographic. His stories are not so fortunate, for they are all ancient, and he has ventured to give some specimens of retorts made by privates to officers which must surely be—as any soldier will recognise at once—fabrications; they could not possibly have happened.

Still, it is a breezy, entertaining, and largely truthful record, its weakest point being the work of the illustrator. His pictures suffer from the fact that he knows little or nothing of the inside life of the Army, and thus was unable adequately to portray that which Mr. Wyndham has described with a facility born only of experience.

Lo Rei Lear. Tragedia de Guillem Shakespeare. Translated by ANFOS PAR (Associació Wagneriana. Barcelona.)

SEÑOR PAR has made a most conscientious study of "King Lear," which he describes as "la més gran de les obres de Shakespeare, però no la mellor." It is pro-

bably this "grandeur," this violent energy, that has led to this play receiving such an enormous amount of attention outside England, for by this quality it is unique in the history of literature. In France its attraction may be due to the love for the exotic, in Spain we would suppose that it wins sympathy through its more direct appeal to national taste and characteristics. Señor Par has made his translation into the Catalan language, of which he speaks with strong filial affection. The many difficulties of translation have made necessary very copious notes, and old Catalan words have themselves sometimes to be explained. The translator is well equipped for his task, both through his exertions and attainments, and through his acquaintances, among whom we will mention the late Dr. Furnivall. The chapters on textual criticism, on the sources of the play, on the Shakespearean theatre, and so forth, are admirable in their completeness. The only lacuna we have observed is a comparative neglect of the part of Garrick as a factor in Shakespearean history.

South America. Painted by A. S. FORREST. Described by W. H. KOEBEL. (A. and C. Black. 20s. net.)

THE prominence gained by the South American continent during the last fifteen years well warrants its inclusion as the theme of one of Messrs. Black's excellent colour-books, especially when the writer of the descriptive letterpress is one who knows his subject so thoroughly as does Mr. W. H. Koebel. A hundred years ago, he points out, came the first dawn of modern life in South America; within the last thirty years the period of growth began; and even fifteen years ago "the horseman, the guitar, and the serenade" were characteristics of Buenos Aires—a city now preparing for the advent of "tubes," transformed beyond belief architecturally, resounding with motor-cars, and abounding with telephones. If, sentimentally, we regard the change as not all to the good, we are compelled to accept the fact that commercially it is an enormous success.

Other parts of the huge continent, not so continually before the public eye—and the public pocket—as the Argentine, are interestingly treated by Mr. Koebel and his collaborator. Paraguay, for instance, its human and its insect life, and the dreaminess of Asuncion, form an attractive theme for a chapter; the account of the Belvidere is capital. Obviously, in a book of this size there is no room for a detailed account of the history of each province, its conquerors and their campaigns, but some hints are given which should send the student searching for more. The illustrations vary in quality, but for the most part aid the text very well in explaining the charm of this quarter of the world which is now taking its place in the march of civilisation.

The Light Side of London. By E. B. D'AUVERGNE. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)

THE eight sketches which form this volume show that Mr. d'Auvergne is exceptionally well acquainted with far more phases of the lighter side of London life than

the average Londoner ever encounters or even hears of. But though he writes in a light vein, his book does not consist solely of the amusements and frivolities of the great city. He gives us, also, glimpses of its darker side, and draws attention to some of its still festering sores. There are many lively personal anecdotes and experiences scattered throughout the volume, which are very amusing reading, and the reader's enjoyment is further enhanced by the two dozen mostly humorous illustrations it contains. The West End, with Piccadilly Circus Station, "the Clapham Junction of Cytherea"; the City, "the jolliest part of London"; the Suburbs, with "the Monkeys' Parade" and "the Suburban Pub"; Bohemia and "the Flirtatious Londoner"; Sunday in London, and the "Londoner's Fairs," and 'Appy 'Ampstead, with many other of the multiple sights and activities of the vast metropolis are described in Mr. d'Auvergne's entertaining work in a way no one else could describe them.

Ballads Weird and Wonderful. With 25 Drawings by VERNON HILL. (John Lane. 21s. net.)

THE ballad is perhaps the best vehicle of any for the "weird and wonderful," and it was a good idea to have some of the most uncanny rhymes illustrated by an artist who possesses a knack of capturing a curiously uncanny effect in his designs. Exaggeration, of course, plays a large part in these pictures, and there is some truth in the assertion which has been made that Mr. Hill owes much to Blake; often his notions of anatomy, as here expressed, suggest Blake's disproportionate drawing of the human form. In a rather strained preface Mr. R. B. Chope says: "Certainly I shall be astounded if these wonderful drawings are not recognised as a triumph of modern art." Certainly we shall be astounded if they are; but they undoubtedly have succeeded in adding to the nightmarish impression left upon the reader by these old ballads; and that, we suppose, was their chief aim.

Fiction

Hocken and Hunken: A Tale of Troy. By "Q." (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)

CAPTAIN CAI HOCKEN plans to have some excellent times with his companion, Captain 'Bias Hunken, when they both retire from seafaring life and settle down on the Cornish coast. But a coy widow wills it otherwise, and endeavours, more or less successfully, to flirt with each of the two seamen in turn, and occasionally with both of them at the same time. This affords an opportunity for a great deal of humour, of which Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch takes ample advantage. None of the parties concerned is seriously in love, but the thought of rivalry adds zest to the combat, and when the lovers charter the same man to write the all-important letter to Mrs. Bosenna, the lady of

their choice, and both letters are delivered together, it is easy to imagine that a few complications are likely to ensue. Mrs. Bowdler, the captain's housekeeper, who had seen better days, must surely be a distant connection of Mrs. Gamp, and has her most amusing interludes as the relations between the two men become somewhat strained, owing to their mutual desire to attract and please the same woman. The various townsmen, too, add their share of fun by their quaint sayings, but it is left to Palmerston, the "boots" of the "establishment," as Mrs. Bowdler persists in calling the seamen's modest dwelling, and Fancy, the precocious girl he admires, to supply one of the best chapters of the book. Those people who have any acquaintance with Fowey will recognise many of the places described, while those who have been fortunate enough to view a regatta, either from the quay or from one of the points which overlook the harbour, will understand what a very pretty spectacle this represents. The time of the present book is as far back as the late Queen's Jubilee, so we may hope that Sir Arthur will give us a further account of Troy and its inhabitants before very long.

Mary in the Market. Mr. H. MAXWELL. (John Long. 6s.)

SOME parts of this book give one the impression that Mr. Maxwell could, if he chose, write a much better story than he has accomplished in "*Mary in the Market*." The character of Aunt Millicent, for instance, is very well drawn, and conveys to the reader an accurate idea of the charitable maiden lady in her narrow sphere. Mary herself is fairly life-like until we come to the long, detailed description of her many charms and the fascination of her person. Then it is quite apparent that such a creature never could have existed on the face of this sinful earth. "Her return from a day's hunting was like a cavalcade of knights escorting their sovereign through a dangerous pass. . . . Her appearance in a ballroom was as if she were a magnet, and all the men were made of steel. Her entrance into church was synchronous with an extraordinary augmentation of the congregation. . . . Once when she went skating . . . the press of people about her was so great that the ice cracked and she was immersed. . . . Mary enjoyed a halcyon happiness." And so on for several pages. The plot, too, is well worn; there must be something of more than ordinary interest when it has partly to rest on the old trick of loss of memory and ensuing complications. We hope that in his next book Mr. Maxwell will give more attention to developing the characters of ordinary individuals—even if they be only solitary old ladies—and less to extraordinary situations and impossible people.

The Return of Peter Grimm. By DAVID BELASCO. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

It has become the custom in these days for many publishers, when issuing a new work, to herald its advent in glowing, laudatory terms, without waiting for the verdict of the critics to whom they condescend to sub-

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A. & C. BLACK, Soho Square, London, W.

mit it for review. In this instance Mr. Andrew Melrose informs all and sundry that "the play upon which this novel is based is at present the sensation of New York, where it is nightly drawing crowded houses." As to this we know nothing; but as the book under review might conceivably make a very good play, it is quite plausible to believe that the successful play referred to was the why and the wherefore of this remarkable novel. In this instance, therefore, we are pleased to recognise that the publisher has not overstepped the mark, as so many others only too often do. And when he goes on to say that the book "deals with very simple but very human materials, and offers the suggestion that spirits of departed friends may be able to return to earth and work beneficently, although unseen, on behalf of their loved ones," we raise no objection, for the plot is constructed on this basis.

Mr. Belasco has written a story around the occult, after the spiritualist's own heart, and even those sceptics who pooh-pooh everything pertaining to the supernatural will, nevertheless, find much in it to interest them. The ordinary reader cannot fail to be delighted with his charming tale of true love triumphant through the medium of a ghost. Peter Grimm, a delightful old Dutchman, makes a compact with McPherson, a gruff but kind-hearted old Scotch doctor, to the effect that the one who dies first shall come back and communicate with the other, if he can. Soon after, Peter dies, and in accordance with his promise does come back. He is, of course, invisible, and in spite of all his efforts he finds it utterly impossible to communicate with McPherson or anyone else; all he can do is to suggest. Being dead, his eyes are opened to things he could not see or even suspect when alive. To his dismay, he finds matters in his own family to be very different from what he believed they were in his lifetime. What he thought right was wrong, and vice versa, so he sets about putting his house in order. To this purpose he hovers about the old home, and, though his presence is not seen, it is felt, and all the time he is directing the actions of the other characters, though they are unconscious of it, to such good effect that even the wicked nephew repents and all ends well.

The Theatre

"Twelfth Night" at the Savoy

MR. GRANVILLE BARKER will reap the result of his pioneer work, in all probability, by finding his present production of Shakespeare a success, in estimation and otherwise. Critics will doubtless claim that he has profited by their instruction, and turned to good use their advice, whereas he has not considerably altered his original conception. The same thing said twice is generally heard—and sagely heard—on its second saying. It is true, of course, that he has adjusted his proposals to the criticism awakened by the "Winter's

Tale." Mr. Albert Rothenstein has not, for example, been entrusted with the invention of the costumes. That has been committed, with the decoration of the play, to Mr. Norman Wilkinson; and the result is that, instead of costumes that are fantastic, we have costumes that are picturesque. It is, in our judgment, a change for the better, inasmuch as it interfered less with the inner power of the play. But the essential conception remained the same, and it is this that attracts our attention.

In his work as a producer Mr. Barker has always studied to make effective pictures. The action of a play, to him, is more or less that of a kaleidoscope, one picture dissolving into another, and so on into a third. How far this obstructs the real force of an action is its own question. To a certain, perhaps to a large, degree it must prevail: though when it comes to a deliberate grouping of characters in certain colour effects, one is bound to say that the pictures are artificial and inclined to be stilted. Its use, in fact, must depend on the play itself: which sounds a truism, but is not so simple as it might appear. One of the most interesting things about Shakespearean drama is the intelligent attention it arouses in blind men. The plays carry their own atmosphere and colour, that recreate themselves in the imagination, so that the world of action is born again there, having never, in fact, lived anywhere else. "Twelfth Night," for example, does this. But if such a blind man were given his sight in the middle of Mr. Barker's performance, would he, on opening his eyes, find his inner vision reproduced in the outer reality? Or would he—a far more important matter, since no two visions would agree in detail, however they might agree in general semblance—see an outer picture so simple and suggestive that he would be able to place his vision on it without any violent contradiction?

We think not. With all its interest and significance, it cannot be said that Mr. Barker's production is faithful in this best sense. Very properly he holds to his extended fore-stage, and builds his inner stage so that it can serve for virtually all the purposes of the play. But that "building" means that, at the rear of the stage, two long stairways run down each side, meeting on a platform at the centre beneath a pillared cupola. A few more steps lead to the floor of the stage, whereon, right and left, stand two clipped yew-trees, cut out of wood, with no attempt at realism, like large play-toys out of a doll's house. Everything is dazzling white except the pillars and the cupola, which are pink. In this setting Olivia holds her court, and Malvolio is fooled. It is a picture that strikes and assaults, and we are very sure that white and pink are not the colours impressed on anyone's imagination by a reading of the play. Moreover, whatever the "Twelfth Night" as a play may be, it is not "doll's-house-y."

So with the Toby scenes. They manifestly demand space and breadth for the midnight revelry to swing about in. But Barker sets a small room within the stage that, with its table, is barely large enough to hold its four people. It is draped with rich tapestries, and lit by two candelabra. But poor Sir Toby is terribly

confined, and, in consequence, he is very unhappily subdued. And a subdued Sir Toby is a tragedy. It is against the atmosphere of the play. Given his proper fling, he would have wrecked that wee room in five minutes. No doubt, the cause was the perpetual setting for the outer scene, within which the room had to be placed; but we cannot help thinking that simple curtains for both scenes would less have clashed with the business that was enacted in them. The total effect might have been less picturesque, but that does not mean that it would not have been more effective.

Yet, however much one may disagree with Mr. Barker's method of breaking away from a petrifying actualism, for the revolt itself there can be nothing but sympathy. The changes in quality between the present production and that of the "Winter's Tale" are enough to show that he is taking his way carefully; and if we feel that in springing away from actualism he has sprung too far—in fact, into a mere picturesqueness that is almost as stultifying—it is part of the penalty of revolt. Yet in the course of the journey he has recovered for us the beauty and rhythm of Shakespeare's lines, and that cannot be a subject for too much thanks. They were spoken as they should be—swiftly and with a rhythmic cadence—though their linear construction was not always observed.

The acting was of a high order. Mr. Henry Ainley as Malvolio resisted all temptations merely to caricature the part. The whole meaning of the part is that the set gravity of the steward is only proved to be egregious when Maria has turned him inside out by the letter, and Mr. Ainley, in keeping him in his own unexaggerated self till that moment, showed fine restraint and justice. Mr. Arthur Wontner as Orsino rendered well the music of his lines, and made him a picturesque and dignified figure withal. Mr. Leon Quartermaine as Sir Andrew Aguecheek a little over-emphasised him as an exquisite, but struck the essential part of his contrast to Sir Toby Belch. As this fat knight Mr. Arthur Whitby was excellent. With all his roystering, one never forgot that Sir Toby was Olivia's kinsman, and a man of authority. As Olivia herself Evelyn Millard was gracious and dignified, a proper pair to Orsino; and Miss Leah Bateman Hunter as Maria was good, though she lacked the natural spontaneity of the character. At first Miss Lillah McCarthy seemed to be making Viola too jerky and forced; but this passed away later, and the real Viola emerged well conceived and rendered. Given his point of view, as every artist may claim his point of view, in the performance Mr. Barker was admirable. "Twelfth Night" should attract good audiences to the Savoy.

"Instinct" at the Duke of York's Theatre

WE trust the powerful acting of Mr. Aubrey Smith will be as greatly appreciated by the public as it is by us. But who knows? There are five or six plays from the United States running at the largest London theatres just now, all with plots more or less

well and truly laid, all with admirable actors, all, no doubt, doing excellent business, and yet, and yet we are not altogether satisfied. Something away, and how much more we might enjoy them. That is what we feel about "Instinct," made American by Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws from the French of M. Henry Kistemaekers, and made quite English by Mr. Aubrey Smith, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Muriel Beaumont, and Mr. Norman McKeown. The ladies' beautiful dresses are by other ladies with foreign titles; the scene is Long Island, New York; and the furniture of Dr. Bradford Mandover's house is seventeenth and eighteenth century English rather than what they call, in America, "colonial"; so, you see, we are widely cosmopolitan on this occasion. The things we mainly wish away are the rather stiff nature of the conversation of the first act, the quantity of it, and the slowness of the pace at which it was taken on the first night. This tedious method may be as M. Kistemaekers wishes, for it is equally apparent and trying in his other Englished play at the St. James's.

However, the trifling languors of the opening soon pass, and the situation becomes enthralling and exciting—very exciting, indeed, if only one could believe in the characters. A clever and successful surgeon has a beautiful wife, to whom he does not pay very great attention. The beautiful wife has for neighbour an invalid, highly romantic poet, to whom she offers the solace of her frequent companionship. Her husband's brother and her poet's servant suspect, and not without good cause, that the poet is her lover, and after some scenes of doubt and delicacy the husband is aroused to passionate resentment.

By an arrangement of highly artificial circumstances a position that seems as like guilt as may be is arrived at. The poet is dying at night in Mrs. Mandover's room. The physician, who is Mandover's brother, cannot help him; the husband alone can carry out an operation which may save his life. Bradford Mandover, the surgeon, after the great scene of the play, follows the instinct of the trained professional man, and, notwithstanding his passionate hatred and horror of what he is supposed to believe to be his wife's action, goes to the rescue of the man considered to be his wife's lover—after saying he will let him die a thousand times. Really, Mrs. Mandover has only a maternal affection for her poet; but, owing to this affair being a three-act play, she cannot say so until the powerful scene of the third act is over and the audience has duly received a shock and a thrill—a faint cold thrills through the house; M. Kistemaekers has made his effect, and the play is over.

For the one strong scene much must be forgiven. As to the acting, Miss Braithwaite as the misunderstood and misleading wife brought the charm of her personality to fill up the rather awkward gaps left by the author, just as Miss Muriel Beaumont lent her beauty and grace to make the best of the peculiar friend Mrs. Mandover employs to arrange her appointments with the poet. That gentleman would have been difficult to represent, but the trouble is avoided by his being kept off the stage altogether. Mr. Aubrey Smith as the

surgeon has never played with so much force and skill; he is excellent in every moment of the play—so much so, indeed, that he sometimes almost makes us believe in it. Unfortunately he cannot always be before us, and, when he is not, the make-believe of the plot gets the upper hand and we are just a little regretful and bored. Still, there is always the great affair in the third act, and that sort of thing used to be enough to draw London, and perhaps still is.

After "Instinct," Miss Irene Vanbrugh in "Rosalind" comes as a pure fresh draught of delight. M. Kistmaeckers' machine-made piece of work is, at least, a more welcome prelude to that of Mr. Barrie than the two short plays which have departed to make room for "Instinct."

EGAN MEW.

Some New French Plays

A PLAY of M. Paul Hervieu is always a great literary event, for he is undoubtedly considered one of the keenest and most subtle playwrights, and it is natural that the worldlings whom he dissects and portrays should be interested to see themselves as depicted by him. No detail escapes his acute and ironical psychology, be it painful, ridiculous, or sad.

"Bagatelle," which the Comédie Française gave for the first time on October 28, caused at the *répétition générale* quite a sensation. It is certainly one of M. Hervieu's finest works; in it the strength and elevation of thought so apparent in some of his preceding plays is combined with a light, graceful bantering which is most agreeable. This double quality is the dominant tone of the whole play, for the drama breaks out suddenly, and we find that all those subtle insinuations, those gay and frivolous remarks, those cynical observations were so many starting points from which evolves a really cruel situation.

Madame Orlonia has passed the age of taking an active part in the comedy and tragedy of love. Nevertheless, her chief interest in life is to follow the intrigues, flirtations, and passions of her younger friends; she even goes so far as to aid and abet the development of such love-affairs. In her castle of Bagatelle she has gathered for the summer some young society women, both free and fair, and some bachelors; she has also invited Florence de Raon and her husband Gilbert, who, although married for twelve years, are old-fashioned enough to be still devoted to each other. Florence is delighted to be Madame Orlonia's guest when she discovers that her bosom-friend Micheline is also staying at Bagatelle. As for Gilbert, he is very happy to meet his old chum Jincour, for whom he professes an almost brotherly affection. However, these four people are no sooner settled here when unhappiness and unrest seem to lie in wait for them.

Gilbert, whom everybody—and especially his wife—believes to be a model husband, pursues Micheline, who consents to give him a *rendez-vous*. Florence, however, has overheard their conversation. She is over-

whelmed by the pain the double treason of her husband and friend causes her, and has been oppressed by the atmosphere of sensuality and vice which pervades Madame Orlonia's domain. And, moreover, her husband's friend, Jincour, seems also to have been influenced by the frivolous, feverish desire for pleasure reigning at Bagatelle. He makes love to Florence in spite of her energetic refusals to listen to him. But, on the discovery of her husband's proposed treason, Florence resolves to revenge herself. She allows Jincour to declare his love, and she gives him an appointment in the same room in which Gilbert and Micheline are to meet.

The third act is the culminating point of this drama. Florence surprises her husband and Micheline. To revenge herself, she declares to Gilbert that Jincour, in whose loyalty he trusted absolutely, and for whom he professed the tenderest of affections, has promised to meet her in this very room. Gilbert refuses to believe her, but at that moment Jincour arrives. And the four friends stand in silence, face to face, overcome by the ruin of their friendship. However, Florence pardons her husband his proposed faithlessness, and even gives Micheline to understand that she may eventually forgive her, much later, when what actually appears to her as so serious may seem to her a mere "bagatelle."

M. Hervieu has succeeded fairly well in the extremely difficult task of passing insensibly from comedy to tragedy. After the frivolous bantering of the first act, we find ourselves face to face with people in despair for having been traitors to their love and to their friendship. Moreover, M. Hervieu has given his play a fine and unforeseen ending. For, instead of the expected tears, recriminations, and violence, the concluding scene of "Bagatelle" is one of emotion and melancholy, emanating from the almost dumb resignation of these people, victims of their weakness and of their folly. In fact, the author has rarely expressed so intensely the eternal conflict reigning between the worldly conventions of civilisation and the primitive instincts which dominate or have dominated at some time or other even the most high-minded and refined men and women.

The cast is, on the whole, excellent, the Comédie Française having placed several of its most brilliant members at M. Hervieu's disposal. Mme. Bartet has surpassed herself once more in the character of Florence, which she has modelled with that perfection which is hers by right; Micheline is personated by Mlle. Berthe Cerny, who has expressed with the utmost delicacy, but also with the greatest intensity, the sensibility of a young, beautiful, and solitary woman. And Mlles. Marie Leconte and Marcelle Geniat were both charmingly *spirituelles*, and especially marvellously dressed in two minor parts.

The rôle of Gilbert de Raon was held by Albert Lambert *fils*, the classical hero *par excellence*. We will allow that it was even rather a shock to behold him making love in modern clothes! One could not help looking for his sword! However, M. Albert Lambert *fils* has tried to make up what he lacked of

modern sensibility by much vehemence and evident sincerity, and this is a very laudable effort. As for M. Grand, he was quite remarkable in the rôle of Jincour, and never has his fine sober talent won more merited applause.

MARC LOGE.

Music

TO the music-lover who arrives in London at such a season as the present, after a prolonged wandering from city to city on the Continent, it must seem as if all the daughters of Music, save one, had been let loose in the streets, and were crying and struggling to make their invitations heard. With every sort of persuasive beguilement they bid the public to the enjoyment of their charms. The more dignified, those who are sure of themselves and their powers of attraction, merely announce that they are ready to receive company on such and such days; but others, those of less certain fascination, cajole, flaunt, puff, wheedle, brag, insist, in such a manner that it were no wonder if a bewildered public should bid the whole pack of them begone, and refuse to set foot in their halls of entertainment. There is something almost indelicate in this marketing of the musical houris. At every turn of the street one is confronted by an *affiche* which implores the public to come to a piano recital, or a violin, or a chamber concert, or an orchestral, a twelve-o'clock-in-the-morning, or a ten-o'clock-in-the-evening. The front page of some not inconsiderable newspapers is hardly wide enough to exhibit all the advertisements of these profferers of musical pleasure, together with the lengthy testimonies to the success they have met with elsewhere. And on Saturday the very Temples of Religion enter into the lists, and announce their Anthems, their Voluntaries, their Te Deums, till we have come to abhor the name of "Harwood in A flat" and "Gounod in C minor." In other cities where much music is made, they manage to do without all this parade of invitation, yet are the concert-rooms better filled than is often the case with ours. Indeed, the complaint of the visitor is rather that he does not always know what musical delights may be offering themselves; that he learns too late how he might have heard Mme. Leatherlungs, or Herr Strump-anthumpf, the Lapland Quartett, or the new *chef d'orchestre* from Morocco, only he did not know that they were going to perform. In one newspaper, perhaps, there is a brief list of forthcoming musical events, but everybody does not know which among the hundred streets this particular one may be.

A rare advertisement on some hoarding or kiosk may catch the eye, or it may not. We remember a great disappointment in Paris when we learnt too late of a wonderful choral evening of Bach in a noble church. To one of the organisers of this event we afterwards made a complaint. "But here we do not find it necessary to advertise," said he, "everybody who takes an

interest in music knows what is going to be done, and when. Our difficulty is to find seats for all who wish to be present at our concerts." We have sometimes thought that the prodigal use of musical advertisement in London defeats its object. The really devoted music-lovers here, as in Paris, manage to know what there is of interest going on. The great mass of society which delights in beautiful music but does not belong definitely to any coterie of the musical world, never thinks of looking at the advertisements, because there are too many; it would be hopeless, they think, to try and keep up with them. "What! is Paderewski going to play next week? How do you know? Why have we heard nothing about it?" How very common such questions were shortly before Tuesday last! Or it may be, "Do you know anything about these wonderful players from Poland who are being talked about? The Russian Embassy seems to think they are wonderful!" "Why, ma'am," we reply, "they have been here before, have given many concerts with splendid success; their advertisements have appeared in every paper, on every sandwichman's back; you might have gone to their concerts had you chosen!" "Is it true that Muriel Foster sang in Bechstein Hall last week? We would have sacrificed everything to have heard her again. Why were we not told about it?" And so on, and so on. If you would only keep your eyes open, dear Madam, you could never be ignorant of the musical joys that are daily being offered you in London.

But there is one of Music's daughters—in Italy and in France they think her the most desirable of all the family—whose voice is silent in London, while all her sisters are so eager to be heard. Her name is Opera. In the humblest towns of Italy she has opened her court for the long evenings of winter. In Germany she flings wide her doors, and the most serious, the learned, the philosophers, delight to enter in. Arriving recently in Paris we found three opera houses offering us entertainment. One gave "Louise," another the new work of St. Saëns, "Deianira," and the third announced the "Magic Flute." With what joy did we not hasten to this delightful third house, for when can we hear that exquisite music of Mozart in England? Every seat was filled; the audience manifested the greatest delight; and though the performance (except for M. Fugère's Papageno) was not so good as one we heard a year or two since at the Opéra Comique, it was honest, careful, and very pleasant. We did not pay more than eight francs for our stall, and we wondered whether the time will ever come in London when so cheap a delight will be possible. We should like to think it will, but are not very sanguine about it. Much was said and written—alas! in vain—about the advisability of making the Kingsway Opera House into a home for national opera. But Londoners do not really love opera or want opera. They would soon have it if they did. The tradition is that opera is a rare and exceptional form of amusement, a something connected necessarily with high prices and evening clothes and diamonds and "fashion." The ordinary *bourgeois* who is quite prepared to patronise the play from time to

time, does not think of the opera as a place to which he might go in the same easy way as to the theatre.

He knows very little of any but a very few popular operas, and would not care to risk spending his money on what might turn out to be dull. When he goes to the play it is because he knows that the piece has already attracted thousands of the people who spend their money freely, and he is fairly sure that he will enjoy himself. He must be trained to like opera, to know about the composers, and what their work is likely to be. Would it not be the best plan for the promoters of national opera to begin their work on a more modest scale than that which such a house as that in Kingsway would make necessary? People would the sooner get used to regard opera as a normal, everyday kind of entertainment, on the same level as a play, if they could hear it in a theatre of the usual size. Do not most of us understand music more readily and easily when we are close to it in the friendly atmosphere of a drawing-room than when we hear it from a distance in the formality of a big concert-room? Surely this is the case. And is it not then probable that the inexperienced will find themselves more at home, more on comfortable terms with themselves and the opera, if they hear it in a house of moderate size, from which elements of grandeur and stiffness and fashion have been banished? We should like to think of a national opera house to which people not dressed in evening clothes could go without shame, where the prices should not be higher than those at the Paris Gaiété-Lyrique, where the singers and players should be well drilled artists who do not aspire to be "stars," where one could hear the opera of Gluck and Mozart and Weber and Verdi and Smetana and Humperdinck and Grètry and Offenbach with occasional revivals of Monteverde and Pergolesi and Cimerosa and Galuppi. What a long list of delightful operas for a winter's evening we could make out! Wagner we would leave to Covent Garden.

The Magazines

QUITE one of the most striking articles in the magazines this month is by Mr. Austin Harrison on August Strindberg in the *English Review*. As a summary of his achievement, taking its criticism in the course of biography and description, it is decidedly the best among the few estimates of Strindberg's work. Moreover, Mr. Harrison lays his finger on the sore place of nearly all these high Northerners. "The dreariness of winter," he says, "the great forests, the distances between village and village, the loneliness, and again the long, white, neurasthenic nights of summer, conduce, no doubt, to the introspective nature of the Scandinavians, nearly all of whom are given to a little Troll-cry, and a playful affinity with the supernatural." That is finely and justly said. Mr. Gerald Villiers-Stuart has a story not less striking in its way, entitled "The Tragedy of a Spirit." It is well devised and well executed. What-

ever we may think of its inherent philosophy, based on the idea that sacrifice means extinction instead of realisation of being, we must welcome work of this kind, with its implicit further scope. Mr. P. P. Howe deals with knowledge—if with more than a due modicum of pessimism and startlingly large capitals—with "Malthus and the Publishing Trade." The title explains itself, and the article should be read—by the heroic of disposition. The unfortunate omission in all such articles, however, is that they cut immediately at the work that intends nobly, and leave an open field to the cheap and nasty. The power to subsist, in terms of the publishing trade, clearly omits "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," and definitely includes "The Way the Poor Girl Went Wrong" or "The Bad Girl's First Turning," with gentler or grosser variants of the theme. That, unhappily, is the logical bent of Mr. Howe's article.

In the *Fortnightly* Mr. George Moore writes about "Une Rencontre au Salon," in the chaste and deliberate style which he has grown into these latter times, and which he has made the expression of an extraordinarily pellucid beauty. On the other hand, too, we have that self-consciously superior abstraction on matters of pictorial and decorative art. So that we have a fairly typical George Moore: except that he finds himself better—that is to say, more satisfactorily—at length than in a little space. Mr. S. M. Ellis deals with "George Meredith's Childhood," but does not add much to our knowledge. Also, he repeats a fair portion of his article on George Meredith's relations in the *Fortnightly* some time back. Mr. Charles Woods' article on "The Reorganised Turkish Army" reads somewhat sarcastically in the light of recent events. Mr. Israel Zangwill writes wittily and cogently on "The Awkward Age of the Woman's Movement." There are many touches in it in which the word wit fulfils both its ancient and present meanings; he tells us that the hunger-strike has "placed the Government on the horns of an Irish bull."

In the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Kiddersley, in writing to refute Dr. Elizabeth Sloan's plea for the State Inspection of Convents, deals authoritatively with many aspects of it, but seems to miss the essential point. The point is not quite that "adult women . . . having a high ideal are not to be allowed to choose a mode of life which is neither seditious nor injurious to others," but that the possibility exists that some of those who so choose may wish to revoke their decision at some later time, and may conceivably be hindered from so doing. Mr. Wadham Peacock writes with knowledge on "Nicholas of Montenegro and the Czarism of the Serbs" in an interesting article. And on another aspect of the war Mr. Mitra treats with equal authority and interest, "England, India, and the Balkan War." But unquestionably the most interesting in the present number is by Mr. Wilfrid Ward on "A Ghost of the Living." It is a very remarkable story of dual appearance that he tells, and one that seems inexplicable by any psychical rule. That the apparition of one living person should meet any living person is no very new thing. But that each should see the other

at the same place under precisely similar circumstances at different times, and later reproach the other for having passed without speaking, then to discover that a length of time interposed between the two occurrences, is a very remarkable thing. It is for the record of such occurrences that one buys magazines to keep. There is a dearth of articles of literary interest, Mr. Gribble's "Boswell's Dutch Flirtation" being chiefly a matter of careful quotation, scarcely coming under that title.

It is surely not easy at this time of day to write with any freshness on John Synge, yet Mr. Gerald Lowther has done so in the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*. To be sure, he treads unwarily, and not always with understanding. For example, to mean that Synge's emotion does not spring from a healthy acceptance of life is one thing, but to declare that "Synge, in short, lacks feeling" is quite another. It is simply inaccurate. The same magazine, in its editorial, gives us a just plea for the work of the Abbey Theatre. Nevertheless, it is true that all its new and recent work is just that stark realism that originally its directors protested so strongly against. The things of beauty it gives us are all too much confined to the work of its founders, who themselves have ceased writing new work. It is not a healthy outlook. In his "New Theory of the Drama" Prof. Hugo Dinger does not so much give us a new theory as express an old theory better. There is much to think over in his essay: much to disagree with, much to hail joyously. But he begins on a bad premiss in saying that "According to tradition, dramatic art belongs to the category of poetic art, and is considered a minor art of poetry." Those who may consider it so can be neglected. On the contrary, dramatic art, when it is not crude actualism, is considered the highest form of poetry.

However much one may disagree with what is said there, the editorial in *Blackwood's* is always readable; and this month it is especially so. Such subjects as the late production of "The Winter's Tale," the Post-Impressionists, and Meredith's Letters are handled in turn, and always with an emphatic opinion. The present number, also, is full of good stories, though one misses the reflective side of literature. In the *Cornhill* Mr. William Watson has a poem entitled "Dublin Bay," which is simple and easy in its music. Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall writes a good story called "His Honour's Pleasure" in the same number; and Major MacMunn has an appreciation of "The Poetry of Sir Alfred Lyall."

The *Church Quarterly* opens with a very interesting article on the influence of Celtic Art in England, in which the writer strongly supports the view that this influence is to be traced alone to Irish monks and ecclesiastical interchange between England and Ireland. Mr. Hibbert, of Denstone College, gives a good account of the archæology of Croxden Abbey in Staffordshire. The sub-warden of St. Deiniol's Library, Hawarden, writes of the influence of St. Basil as affecting the whole history of monasticism. He was, in fact, the father of Eastern monasticism. Prebendary Yorke Fausset gives

an appreciation of the Christian philosophy of Rudolf Eucken of Jena, who deserves to be, and hereafter will be, better known among English Christians. A good number concludes with an important résumé of the present position in the law of the Church as affected by the recent decision in the well-known Bannister-Thompson case. There are the usual excellent short notices of current books.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

WHEN Asquith is in a tight corner he has a kind of brazen effrontery by which he hopes, with the help of big battalions, to bluff things out; and it was with cool cynicism he came down on Wednesday to move his resolution to rescind the fatal vote which had been given on Monday afternoon. He was cutting right across all Parliamentary practice. The Rule that a decision come to in one session cannot again be considered in the same session would have been destroyed, and many another precedent which the wisdom of our ancestors had put in the Order Book, not for one party, but for the proper carrying on of debate, would have been swept away. The accumulated experience of centuries would have gone like a flash. In practice one Government never reverses the legislation of its predecessor, no matter how much it may have fought against it when in opposition. It is obvious that this is the only common-sense view to take, otherwise we should spend all our time undoing each other's work. But this is what Asquith now proposed to do. We knew perfectly well that the Government could never allow the Banbury vote to stand, and there were several ways open to the Prime Minister in which to effect this purpose, but they meant a little delay if the forms of the House were to be preserved. It was the penalty of defeat, and this was the price Asquith was not prepared to pay. Why should he, with his obedient horde? He intended to cut the Gordian knot in his own fashion, and we were determined, come what might, he should not do so.

The House was packed, and the Peers' gallery was also full. The air was charged with electricity, and sparks commenced to crackle and play in the dim November afternoon, which foretold the coming storm. After many questions and points of order had been raised, the Speaker said very, very gravely, "I can find no precedent for this course," but he added in effect it was not for him to say them "Nay."

Asquith had carefully prepared his speech. It was idle to suppose a snap division should be allowed to stand when the normal majority was well over 100. Rules were all very well, but Parliament was made for man, not man for Parliament; and he then went on to quote Balfour's famous defence in answer to a snap division in 1905. (I remember quite well what a case of adamant A. J. B. seemed to have built up when he finished.)

Bonar Law replied. He did not, as I expected he would, point out how all the circumstances of the 1905 case were entirely different, but contented himself by quoting Asquith's reply on that occasion. Both sides laughed at the humour of it, but only for a moment. Bonar Law became fiercer, and made use with deadly effect of a quotation from the *Daily News* "that Mr. Asquith had struck a blow worthy of old Cromwell himself." The Liberals did not quite like the lawless proceedings of the Protector in the Long Parliament compared with their own Government in this particular connection. Bonar Law finally wound up by moving that the House do now adjourn to consider the matter.

Now, the Unionists had decided to give a good hearing to Asquith and also to Law, but they were not going to allow a general debate upon the matter. They intended to teach the majority a lesson. So, when Robert Harcourt, with his glass in his eye, got up, he was greeted with yells of "Adjourn!" He stood to his guns for some time, until the quick-witted Lloyd George saw what the cookery-books call "another way." Harcourt sat down, no one got up, and the division was at once called, and resulted in a victory for the Government, the House declining to adjourn by 104.

Lloyd George had taken the wind out of the sails of the Opposition with dramatic suddenness. Personally I should have allowed the rescinding motion to have been put at once, and had a row on that; but the Unionist leaders thought otherwise. The ever-ready Banbury sprang into the breach with a reasoned amendment that it was an affront to evade by the present methods the recorded proceedings of the House. James Craig followed. The Government were determined to be quiet. "What are we here for?" roared Sir Edward Carson. Nothing occurred. It seemed as if the whole House was at boiling-point. It would simmer down again. Suddenly something happened. Sir William Bull got up in the middle of a fine speech by Ernest Pollock, and said, "I am tired of this," and at the top of a powerful voice shouted "Traitor!" It must have been a deep sense of injury and injustice to have forced a quiet, generally good-tempered solicitor like Sir William Bull to use suddenly so unparliamentary an expression. He must have known—indeed, he admitted afterwards that he knew it was unparliamentary, but it successfully set light to the gunpowder.

Dick Challoner, Haddock, one of the Craigs, and several more joined in the cry, but Bull's voice was loudest. With the greatest determination he stood up and defied the Speaker. He addressed him as "Sir" and spoke respectfully, but continued to bawl "Traitor!" "We have been treated abominably!" he declared. The Speaker requested him to withdraw from the House, which he did, accompanied by the deputy Serjeant-at-Arms and the new inspector of police.

After that, pandemonium reigned. The Opposition called out "Adjourn! adjourn!" with monotonous regularity. Ronald M'Neill, rising like a tower, demanded that Rufus Isaacs should sit down. The Speaker declared that "grave disorder had arisen," and adjourned the

House for an hour. Everybody went to dinner, and at the end of the hour both sides determinedly faced each other. Men's blood was at fever-heat, whilst both Front Benches studiously affected an indifferent attitude. Our Back Benches would listen to no one. They were determined nothing should be done; they expected wholesale suspensions, but the Speaker declared that, so long as they behaved in a parliamentary manner—and there are parliamentary as well as unparliamentary cries—he could not stop it. At length he adjourned the House until the morrow, and the Opposition cheered themselves hoarse with what voices they had left.

The members did not leave the House when the Speaker did. The Government supporters waited for Asquith, who seemed loth to move; and Churchill was active in leading the cheers for his leader. Suddenly, in an access of rage, Ronald M'Neill threw a volume of the Rules of Procedure at him, which struck him on the cheek. He was very angry, but left the chamber with his friends. Poor old Bill Crooks tried to lighten matters by starting "Auld Lang Syne," but it was a dismal failure. Compliments were exchanged. "The gentlemanly party!" sneered the Government. "Rats!" retorted the Opposition. I can see no way out of a renewal of the disturbance in a worse form on the morrow unless Asquith gives up his high-handed method of depriving the Opposition of the fruits of their victory by destroying the ancient rules of that House of which he is leader and guardian. . . .

I wrote gloomily last night. A night's reflection sobered both sides. The common-sense of the race reasserted itself. I am not at all surprised at foreigners not understanding us. A renewal of the row seemed inevitable, and yet it never came off. Two or three incidents, small in themselves, helped to clear the air.

Winterton at question time wanted members fined or their salary docked for non-attendance, and Kellaway produced roars of laughter by proving that Winterton himself had been none too regular.

Mark Lockwood made a facetious reply that a certain official "was only a railway official in the sense that a member who ate cheese was a cheesemonger." All very trivial, but to men with nerves on edge it helped to put the House in a better temper.

Then Ronald M'Neill, in a manly speech, apologised to Winston, and Winston made a really charming reply. This helped the matter a little further. We were gradually crawling on to thicker ice. The Speaker rose. He admitted his intervention was unusual, but, then, the circumstances were unusual. He was in the position of moderator. Nobody desired a repetition of yesterday's scenes. He humbly but firmly advised a further adjournment.

Asquith guardedly agreed. Without saying what would be the result of his deliberations, he moved an adjournment until Monday. Bonar Law readily concurred, and the adjournment would have been agreed to at once, but for the fact that the "Mad Hatter" wanted to say a few words. However, the Speaker suavely barged him off, and, but for a few cries of "No, no!"

from the Labour benches, the motion was carried
HEM. CON.

Mr. Asquith is beginning to learn that a short cut is not always expedient.

Bitterly as I am opposed to Mr. Asquith and his politics, I could not help admiring him as he faced the music on Monday. The House was again crowded—the Opposition hostilely quiet. Asquith last week had attempted the rôle of Cromwell and had failed, and he had to eat that unpleasant humble pie. One of his virtues is that he is sometimes able by force of will not to show where he is hit; he accomplished it this afternoon—there was no cringing or apology; indeed, a stranger in the gallery who had not heard the proceedings of the previous week would never have believed he was doing anything disagreeable. He spoke with his old straightforward directness. He described the recent events with a colourless accuracy in which there was no word with which the Opposition could find fault. He paid a handsome tribute to Fred Banbury, and then unfolded his new thesis. The Government's financial plan was to be withdrawn; by this means Banbury's victorious amendment fell to the ground. A fresh scheme was then described, with new limits, by which the Government will get what they want—by more complicated means, it is true—so long as they are not defeated; and this is not likely at present.

The Opposition does not mind this—it is fair fighting; therefore, when the Speaker put the resolution that the old financial resolution be withdrawn, no one got up to oppose—Bonar Law sat still, and the Ayes had it.

Chiozza Money tried to break a lance with the Speaker over his ruling last Wednesday, but returned baffled. If Chiozza or the egregious Mr. Leif Jones wanted to question his ruling, he coldly but blandly suggested that they had better proceed in the usual way by bringing forward a motion condemning his conduct before the House.

Save for a ground swell, which I will refer to directly, things settled down on Tuesday in the usual humdrum way. There was an interesting debate, in which the Radicals fought for Protection for Ireland, and the Unionists derided their inconsistency and showed how impossible it would be for the scheme to work. Lloyd George is never at his best when dealing with complicated figures or questions of tariff, and he was mercilessly cut to pieces by Bonar Law, who made one interesting statement in retort. By the way, Bonar Law is getting very much more ready in debate, and is able to make impromptu speeches with greater ease and comfort than he did a few months ago. In reply to a gibe, he said he would be always glad to see Free Trade extended, and would be delighted if Germany and France would turn Free Traders. This is the position that Tariff Reformers have always taken up, although we have not heard it lately. Godfrey Locker-Lampson made a very good speech teeming with facts,

but delivered it in a dull monotone, by which it lost half its value.

Now for the ground swell. The Radicals are very angry with the Speaker, and Joe Martin, of St. Pancras, has put down a motion censuring the Speaker. It is so long that it might be a verbatim report of Chiozza-Money's speech. It will remain two or three days on the paper, and then it will disappear. It is the last mutter of the storm that has shaken the Government to its foundations.

Notes and News

The Drama Society will present Mr. Edmund Gosse's translation into English of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" at Clavier Hall, Hanover Square, on Tuesday afternoon, November 26.

Sir Ray Lankester will produce directly a second series of his papers entitled "Science from an Easy Chair." The volume will be largely illustrated. Messrs. Adlard and Son, Bartholomew Close, are the publishers.

"Our Alty," by M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell), author of "The Tender Passion," etc., is the title of a new novel which Messrs. John Long are publishing. Mrs. Blundell here returns to rural Lancashire, where many of her readers deem her at her best.

The Year Book Press will issue, early in December, a new work entitled "The Laws which Govern the Course and Destinies of Religions." The work is by an author who at present desires to remain anonymous, and the treatment is on historical and practical, not dogmatic lines.

Mr. John Lane publishes this week "Austria, her People and their Homelands," by James Baker, F.R.G.S., with 48 water-colour illustrations by Donald Maxwell, at 21s. net; and "The Van Eycks and their Art," by W. H. Weale, with the co-operation of Maurice Brockwell, at 12s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will publish immediately an elaborately illustrated "History of Old Sheffield Plate," by Mr. Frederick Bradbury, who has for many years been intimately associated with the industry. The work includes all those matters which are of so much interest to collectors and dealers, and contains no fewer than 3,000 reproductions of specimens, names of makers, and marks.

Readers and admirers of the literary work of Lord Dunsany, who stands at the front of the writers who employ the parable form amongst the younger masters of prose, and of the weird art of Mr. Sime, whose genius so aptly fits his designs to the fancy of Lord Dunsany, will be glad to know that a second edition of "The Gods of Pegana" has been published by, and may be procured from, the Pegana Press, at 86, Newman Street, London, W.

Messrs. Williams and Norgate have much pleasure in announcing that his Majesty the King has honoured the Right Hon. Robert Farquharson in accepting his new volume entitled "The House of Commons from Within."

A large demand was created for this author's previous volume, entitled "In and Out of Parliament," but the immediate demand on publication for this companion volume bids fair to far exceed the interest in the earlier volume.

Mr. Heinemann publishes this week a book of travel, entitled "In the Shadow of the Bush," by Mr. P. Amaury Talbot. Mr. Talbot has recently carried out some most interesting explorations in Northern Nigeria, traversing the country between the bend of the Cross River and the German Cameroons on behalf of the British Government. He has also collected much detail about the natives, and discovered many new species of flowers. Other books just ready are a new edition of "Father and Son," by Mr. Edmund Gosse, and a re-issue of Mrs. William Sharp's "Life of William Sharp."

The "Triple Bill" at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, consisting of exhibitions by Mr. George Clausen, R.A., Mr. Arthur Rackham, and the late Phil May is followed to-day, November 23, by a triple bill of no less interest. Mr. Edmund Dulac will show his recent water-colour drawings illustrating the poems of Edgar Allan Poe; the second exhibition will be a collection of water-colours of "Harbours and Towns," by Mr. Terriak Williams, R.I.; and, lastly, a series of paintings in tempera and water-colour, illustrating the life of the Virgin Mary, by Mr. R. Anning Bell, R.W.S.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

THE optimism with which the European situation was regarded last week has been succeeded by a wave of pessimism. A calm consideration of the crisis, however, will inevitably lead to the conclusion that there is little justification for this remarkable change in the diplomatic barometer. As a matter of fact, the situation is neither better nor worse than it was at the moment when Austria-Hungary first made known her intention of barring Serbia's way to the Adriatic. The Belgrade Government then lost no time in disclosing its attitude. M. Pasitch, the Prime Minister, in an interview, emphatically declared that an outlet to the Adriatic was a matter of life and death for his country. Thus a deadlock was instantly created, and nothing has happened since in the direction of conciliation.

An unfortunate incident at Prizrend is responsible for the news that the situation has recently become acute. Serbia, suspecting that the Austrian Consul at this place was actively in sympathy with the Albanians, made representations at Vienna, with the object of having him removed from his post. Austria replied that, before taking so drastic a step, she would conduct an impartial inquiry into the case. Since then, it is alleged, Serbia, pleading military considerations, has allowed no communication to pass between the Consul and his Government, and the fears entertained as to his safety were only dispelled on receipt in Vienna of

a picture postcard briefly announcing his continued existence. Austrian public opinion has naturally been aroused by the incident, and the Government has formulated demands for satisfaction which are generally believed to bear the nature of an ultimatum.

It is difficult to see how Serbia can sensibly maintain her embargo. So arbitrary an action as that of preventing communication between a Consul and his Government raises an issue of great delicacy; in short, it is an affront of a kind that closely affects the honour and pride of Austria. In such a case there can be little room for diplomacy, and, unless Serbia is entirely unconcerned with European public opinion, she will lose no time in giving, with as good grace as possible, the satisfaction required by Austria. The incident is to be attributed to the extension of the Servian military régime. Experience teaches that soldiers of all nations, when on active service, are prone to exert their authority with but little consideration for the task of diplomacy. In Albania, however, it is clear that the Servian Army is treading on very dangerous ground, and, as the Austrian Government definitely declared that in no circumstances would it allow this region to come under the domination of Belgrade, it might logically have been supposed that they would threaten instant reprisal were any attempt made to interfere with the functions of their representative.

Doubtless the Servian diplomatists will lose no time in undoing the clumsy work of their soldiers. For in the real crisis that is shaping, they will need all the sympathy they can command. Towards this crisis events are moving rapidly. The Servian and Montenegrin armies are already in sight of the sea, and before many days have passed Europe will be faced with an awkward fact accomplished—an occupation of the Adriatic seaboard. In not forcing the issue while the great conflict is pending, Austria is exhibiting wise restraint. But the consular incident, if nothing else, is symptomatic of the ill-feeling which the deadlock on the larger question has generated. That both sides to the dispute are uncompromisingly holding to their point of view need give no ground for immediate alarm.

Nor is there any cause for depression in the naval and military preparations to which the Powers, without exception, are resorting. Nowhere is it denied that the peace of Europe is about to be subjected to a severe strain. It is to meet crises of this kind that the great armies and navies are supported, so that little surprise should be occasioned when, in view of lowering clouds, military activity is redoubled. It may be said, however, without reservation, that at the present moment the factors making for peace outweigh those which point to war. The feeling is shared alike by the Powers of the Triple Entente and of the Triple Alliance that a general European conflict for the sake of satisfying Servian ambitions is unthinkable. At the same time Great Britain, Russia, and France hold to the opinion that any attempt to deprive the Balkan States of the legitimate fruits of their dearly won victory should be frustrated. It must be apparent to all clear-thinking

minds that the difficulty is one capable of solution—solution on the lines of just compromise. We agree with M. Pasitch that access to the Adriatic is a matter of life and death for Servia. Her just aspirations in this direction, however, can certainly be satisfied without the absorption of Albania, and without, what is of supreme consequence, the plunging of Europe into a conflagration which will concern, not the future of one small kingdom, but the fate of many peoples and many empires. No question that has ever engaged the Chancelleries of Europe has been more capable of common-sense adjustment than is the case with this Servian dispute. Austria recognises that her neighbour requires access to the sea. Naturally she would like to see the Servian route directed towards the Ægean Sea, or, at least, over highways and to ports where Servian influence was restricted. Servia, on the other hand, cannot fail to recognise that the Dual Empire possesses vital interests in the Adriatic, and that elsewhere she has already made sacrifices to accord with the military achievements of the Allies. War in a difficulty that admits so plainly of compromise could only mean that the statesmen of Europe had taken leave of their senses.

MOTORING

DURING 1912 the racing honours in this country have been almost equally divided between the Vauxhall and the Sunbeam cars, each of which has broken world's records several times within the last few months, and established figures which seemed likely to remain indefinitely. In fact, so numerous have been the successful attacks on existing records by these two cars that on hearing of fresh achievements on the track one expects to find, almost as a matter of course, that they have to be credited to either one or the other. The latest record, however, and the most sensational of all, has been secured by a car which is practically unknown as a competitor at Brooklands—the Talbot. On Saturday morning, a 25-h.p. racer of this make, driven by Mr. Percy Lambert, created four new records for its class—namely, those for the half-mile, the kilometre, the mile, and the lap—the amazing speed (for a small-engined car) of 113 miles an hour being attained over the first-mentioned distance.

The chronicling of fresh speed records at Brooklands must be getting a trifle monotonous to the ordinary reader, who does not see the object of it all. He may quite reasonably ask: What is the good of these strenuous attempts on the part of designers and manufacturers to evolve cars capable of such prodigious speeds, when practically any modern car, even the smallest, can easily travel at twice the rate of speed allowed by law? There are few indications that unlimited speed will ever be allowed on the roads of this country, or even that the existing limit will be materially extended, in the near future, at any rate. What, then, is the *raison d'être* of the car which can cover a hundred miles an hour or more? The answer is that it is largely owing to the

building of such cars that the present-day motor vehicle, as used by the ordinary motorist, owes its efficiency. In the successful racing car the object of the designers is, of course, to attain the highest possible combination of strength, efficiency, and lightness, by which alone the maximum of speed can be developed, and the unceasing experiments and continuous efforts in this direction have led to the evolution of the light, powerful, and reliable motor-car of to-day. Those makers, therefore, who spend large sums of money and devote much time and thought to the production of record-breaking racers deserve every encouragement from the private motorist, for the certain result is the incorporation in the standard selling models of the improvements suggested by racing experience.

Now that the Show is over, the main feature of which was the leap right to the front of the splendid Sheffield-Simplex car, which was sold out, after attracting extraordinary interest, the principal topic in the motoring world relates to the petrol position. The price of the spirit is maintained at 1s. 7d., and there are rumours, apparently emanating from authoritative sources, that early in the new year it will have reached the almost prohibitive figure of 2s. In that event it is very certain that many private motorists will no longer think it worth while to run their cars. There has been a good deal of attention directed recently to benzole, and one of the most important and responsible of the organs of the motor Press, the *Motor*, is exceedingly optimistic as to the future possibilities of this spirit. But, so far as the ordinary motorist is concerned, the immediate prospects are not at all satisfactory. However excellent a motor fuel benzole may be, it is practically unattainable at present, and, if there should be any general demand for it, there is little doubt that its market price, which is already almost equal to that of petrol, would soon be on a level with that of the latter. To render the prospect still more discouraging, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has just intimated, in reply to a question in the House of Commons, that the manufacture of British motor spirit will not be encouraged by exemption from the duty levied on the imported article.

The recently published balance-sheet of Belsize Motors, Ltd., of Manchester, constitutes an effective reply to the oft-repeated statement that there is no money—for the British manufacturer—in the small, cheap car. Last year the net profit of the business was £30,068, while for the financial year of 1912 it is returned as £34,444, which allows of a dividend of 12 per cent. per annum for the latter half-year. This is a better result even than appears at first sight, inasmuch as provision has had to be made for exceptionally heavy expenses entailed by important changes in the method of production, the result of a tour of investigation in America undertaken a year ago by some of the principals of the company. It is evident that there is money in the small car, provided its manufacture and sale be conducted on the right lines.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE Stock Exchange is waiting for business, but none will come until the trouble in the Near East has ended. Why should people buy shares when at any moment Austria may declare war against Serbia? Then no one knows what would happen. Russia might be compelled to defend the Slavs. Germany would join Austria and the position of France and England would be difficult. The only thing that makes for peace is the fact that the Austrian Banks are involved in all kinds of industrial undertakings that they have very little money, and that they have taken deposits from big and little all over the Empire. They are not in a position to stand a run. We find much the same thing in Russia. Twenty-three bankers combined to squeeze the Paris "bears." Huge blocks of stock were lifted off the market and the price of all Russian Industrials was raised artificially. Then the Banks found that the operation had cost more money than they had expected, and they went to the State Bank, which made advances against the shares. Thus the Government of Russia is pledged to a peace policy by reason of its huge "bull" commitments. In Germany no such foolish plunge was made, but the great banks are heavily involved in many big industrial undertakings, and though Germany is rich she is not anxious to bear the strain of war—she is indeed unprepared. France is always prepared. She lends the world money and her wealth is vast. Here in England we have all the money we need. We have not over-speculated. We have made large fortunes in trade which we have carefully invested. We are actually almost as rich as France. Neymarck, in the *Matin*, shows how far superior is the Triple Entente to the Triple Alliance. Indeed, the proportion is as 50 is to 80. Money rules the world. Therefore the great financiers believe in peace. The real danger lies in the uncontrollable passion of the Slav race—a passion which disregards finance and feeds only upon its hatred of the Turk and its almost equal hatred of the Austrian.

MONEY might soon fall back to four per cent. again once peace was settled. But no great bank dare risk advances for any long period, and as a result there is an abundance of cash for short loans and very little for three months' bills. Germany pretended she had all she needed, but the bluff could not be sustained, and in the end she had to raise her rate. Egypt appears to be financing herself with some ease. Her crop, though good, is no better than last year, and the strain of finding ten millions has not hurt anyone because actually no such sum has been or will be needed. Indeed, Egypt has been buying securities. She saved a great portion of her last year's profits. They have come in useful at a critical moment.

CONSOLS have really given us one of the few cheerful moments of our past week. Various stories are told to account for the rise. But the simple explanation is that half the gamblers in the Stock Exchange sold short, and this made the market firm. The Government has bought a little, but not much. And no one was anxious to sell under 75, for no one needed money. The big banks were not sellers and as the gilt-edged market has been spared large loans for some time past large buying orders accumulated. We may sneer at Consols, but we must never forget that they are as good as cash either as collateral or actual money. Big buying took place on the last fall, also big and foolish selling. Hence the recent rise, which I think will continue.

HOME RAILS looked like going up. But the "bulls" got nervous and the dealers marked down prices on Tuesday. I can see no reason for the fall. Traffics are excellent. The long-talked of Bill must pass. This is a certainty. Therefore, next year should be better than this, for the rise in rates will counteract any falling-off in trade—if such should come. The Great Western shows remarkable results—so does the North Eastern. But the largest proportional increase in Traffics comes to the Great Central—also the most profitable increase. This line makes little out of its passengers, but its goods traffics are lucrative. Nearly the whole of its large increases are in goods. The preference shares, which fared so badly in the first half of the year, will regain their lost position and are cheap to-day.

YANKEE RAILS do not respond to the improvement in Traffics. As these compare with the bad results of last year they are not so good as they look. But all the railroad men in the States consider that 1913 will be a splendid year. The main trade of the railway must be the carrying of the crops. These are splendid. The "bears" say that the new President will upset trade and disorganise manufacturers by attacks upon the tariff. I do not see this. He cannot do anything for a year at least. Those who know him say that he is a level-headed man who sees quite clearly that it will be impossible to destroy in a few weeks the result of years of work. Tariffs may be re-arranged; they will not be destroyed, and if the tariff is altered to help the farmer then the prosperity of the United States will be helped and the Democrat not injured; for the farmer is the mainstay of the country.

RUBBER.—A few reports have come out. They have not roused any feeling. Mr. Addinsell has floated a modest little block of land amongst his friends. But these are not the days for new rubber companies. Neither are they the days in which to buy rubber shares. Prices are low, but they are not low enough to tempt a would-be purchaser. Yields look good, but we must remember that almost all the companies will have to put up with a loss of 6d. a pound on their average sales for the year. This is a serious matter, and increased crops will not compensate. The Hevea Trust report reminds me that this company controls about 2,000 acres of good rubber and that at present prices this land stands in at about £20 an acre. Those who do not mind the uncalled liability of 5s. a share might do worse than buy a few of these shares. They run a risk that the company will not have enough money to carry its scheme through. That is all.

OIL shares look hard as compared with the other markets. But I suspect this hardness does not come from too much buying, but from too eager selling. Mr. Barnett has at last agreed to finance the Maikop Amalgamation, and will find £60,000 for the four concerns. I hope he will succeed in making them valuable. Mr. McGarvey will be chairman. I cannot see much prospect for the reconstruction, but the shareholders are let off very lightly. Red Sea will hold its meetings in a few weeks, but the "B" shares in the Anglo-Egyptian will not be distributed till next year.

MINES remain deadly dull. Broken Hill North has done well, and Zincs also look good. The price of the base metal keeps hard, and all the Broken Hill group should hold their own. I see that Latilla has taken in hand the Henderson Reconstruction. I presume shareholders must go in or lose everything. But they can only do it as a gamble—the assets are not worth discussion. It is said that Great Boulder has purchased a new mine which has 1,750,000 tons of ore giving 10s. a ton net profit.

MISCELLANEOUS shares are the steadiest things in the House. The investor is always in the market here. Electric Lights are good and will go even higher. Telephone

Deferred look cheap. Argentine Rails are being pushed up by the Farquhar crowd, who would appear again to have begun a gamble in Brazil Rails. The Underground scheme is good and will help the ordinary shares of the Underground Electric.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. Dixon's letter in your issue of the 16th may mean that he is beginning to see the absurdity of putting forward material arguments as a justification for the acceptance of a spiritual doctrine. I believe that in the 14th century the Christian Science attitude was quite common. "This or that religion has caused or promises to cause, such and such material effects: therefore, we will accept it as a spiritual doctrine." It is, however, probable that the 14th century man differed from the modern Christian Scientist in one important respect: he would probably have jumped at the chance of producing all the material evidence he could get in support of his material arguments. The modern Christian Scientist goes one better than his mediæval prototype. He bases his belief in his religion on material grounds, just as his spiritual ancestor did: and at the same time he persists in pretending to believe that there are no such things as microscopes or stethoscopes or thermometers or x-rays any more than there were in the 14th century. Such people can at least claim credit for being thorough-going in their mediævalism.

It is no doubt possible to look on Christian Science either as a religion or as a patent medicine. If it is to be looked upon as a religion, then all these appeals to the effects it has produced on the health of its adherents are surely quite out of place: if it is to be looked upon as a patent medicine, then it is surely the duty of those who offer it to the public to bring forward as much proof of its efficacy as they can. Christian Scientists say that the "inharmoniousness" of tuberculosis or dypsomania can be overcome by Christian Science, the implication being that the physical condition of the patient can be changed. But as long as they refuse to produce any evidence of the thing ever having been done, they have, I think, no cause to feel aggrieved or amused at being classed with other purveyors of secret and untested remedies.

Mr. Dixon now seems to have two reasons for hesitating to produce his evidence: (1) the irrelevance of the suggestion that he should do so, and (2) his doubt as to how many of your columns I can offer him for the purpose. Considering that he began this correspondence by saying that he became a Christian Scientist as a result of the observation of cases in which it had done good, I cannot imagine anything more relevant than the suggestion that he say what the evidence consisted of. Does Mr. Dixon really look on the suggestion as irrelevant? His assumed belief that I am in a position to offer him space in the columns of THE ACADEMY is no doubt part of the joke. He cannot really believe it, nor can he really mean your readers to believe that he is dependent on your good will or mine for opportunities of laying his case before the public. You, Sir, would, I think, be doing a public service in offering Mr. Dixon all the space he can fill with evidence regarding the cases of Christian Science treatment which he has observed. The production of such evidence in such a journal as yours is what many people have been wishing for for years past. Mr. Dixon says he has accumulated a vast mass of such evidence. Can he not be induced to give your readers

a chance of finding out what sort of evidence it is? I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

T. G. MARTIN.

November 17, 1912.

[N.B.—Letters on these very controversial subjects should be kept as short as possible, otherwise they may be held over, or not inserted.—Ed. ACADEMY.]

BACON IS SHAKESPEARE?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The ingenious cryptographic evidence given by Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence in his "Bacon is Shakespeare," 1910, which reveals an admission by Francis Bacon that he was the author of the immortal plays, is, of course, a fallacy. This may be said also of the equally ingenious Biliteral Cypher invented by Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup in 1899, from which Sir Edwin quotes an interpretation as follows: "Francis of Verulam is the author of all the plays heretofore published by Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Shakespeare, and the two-and-twenty now published for the first time, some are alter'd, to continue his history. F. St. A." In the "Monthly Review," February, 1902, Andrew Lang exposed this romantic cypher and said: "When I first saw Mrs. Gallup's book, I noticed that, if she correctly interpreted the cypher, Bacon must have been a lunatic." Sir Edwin mentions a copy of Bacon's complete works in Latin, 1665, in which copy the printing is throughout in two founts of type; this, he says, is purposely arranged, so that Bacon could reveal to posterity, by cryptic evidence, that he was the author of the plays: that the revelation was to be made in the year 1910, and sure enough, through studying those two founts, at that very time the great secret was revealed to Sir Edwin. But the type from two founts is the very basis of the Biliteral Cypher in Mrs. Gallup's book, 1899, so Sir Edwin was anticipated by eleven years. Now the cypher founded upon two founts was shown by Father Thurston, S.J., to be unworkable (see the "Monthly Review" for January, 1902). Sir Edwin states that the preface in the folio, 1623, was not written by Heminge and Condell. The reply to this is that among the commendatory verses in the same folio is a contribution by L. Digges, which begins thus:—

Shakespeare at length thy pious fellowes give
The world thy works: thy works, by which out-live
Thy tombe, thy Name must when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolves thy Stratford Monument, etc.

These lines alone support what Heminge and Condell have written; they also connect Shakespeare with Stratford. I ask, would William Shakespeare have been buried in the chancel of the parish church at Stratford and a monument erected to his memory, if he were the "illiterate clown who," according to Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence, "could not write his name." The Stratford monument, and the folio 1623, affords sufficient evidence to show how the friends and associates of the silent Shakespeare loved and honoured him. I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

London, E.C.

TOM JONES.

"TACITAE" AND "SILENTIA" IN AENEID II, 255.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Many thanks (or "thanks many," another point of grammar for the consideration of your correspondents) to Mr. H. C. Minchin for his interesting reply under this heading. Yet I did not think the torch on the leading vessel to have been lit for purposes of exploration, but as a signal to the other ships for starting. They were anchored off Tenedos, which is distant at least five miles from the coast of Troas; therefore Sinon could hardly have seen the "flammas" of line 256; and Helen was not on board the fleet, but in Troy itself.

Oxford, October 31, 1912. EDWARD S. DODGSON.

P.S.—Mr. Minchin informs me that he was thinking

of the words "flammam media ipsa tenebat ingentem et summa ex arce vocabat" in Aeneid VI, 518 and 519. But it is clear that those lines refer to a different torch. Vergil of course used his poetical licence, and was not writing like a mathematician, or a modern war-correspondent. Now that a new Hellenic fleet, under a Danish Prince, means to hold Tenedos, it will be possible to learn by experiment if from the mound of Hissarlik, so well described by Dr. Walter Leaf in "Troy: A Study in Homeric Geography," one could perceive in the darkness a lighted torch held up on the strand of that romantic isle. The distance between the two points seems to be eight miles.—E. S. D.

GARROTTING AND THE LASH.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—May I point out that you are in error when you state that garrotting was "entirely suppressed" by the lash? As an occasional crime, garrotting has never been entirely suppressed; what was suppressed was the famous outbreak which took place in London in 1862. This, however, as has been officially certified, was put down by the ordinary law, several months before the Flogging Act of 1863 was passed.

Again, when you speak of "robberies with violence occurring every day," you are evidently unaware that for nearly fifty years this crime has been punishable with flogging. If, at the end of half a century, an offence which has had this sovereign remedy prescribed for it is of daily occurrence, I cannot think that the fact indicates that the lash is the best of deterrents. Yours, etc.,

HENRY S. SALT.

Humanitarian League, 53, Chancery Lane, W.C.,
November 13th.

[We dispute the accuracy of the first paragraph of our correspondent's letter. As to the second paragraph, it is our duty in our own district to commit cases of robbery with violence, and we believe that we should be fairly occupied with such cases, except for the wholesome fear of the lash.—Ed. ACADEMY.]

THE RIGHT TO WORK.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I did not join in the letter of the 11th inst. from my colleagues of the Committee for Promoting the Formation of Societies of Free Workers because I wished to make a special response to their appeal. I agree that if the work of organising the free workers is to be effective it should be done thoroughly and at once. I am, therefore, anxious that the response to the appeal should be such as to enable the Committee to rent offices and engage a secretarial staff forthwith. To that end I am willing to give a donation of £50 if the £1,000 asked for is subscribed.

In my letter to you of November 15th, 1911, I called attention to the satisfactory character of the report of the Royal Commission on the Railway Strike, for the Commissioners said: "Men have the right to determine their engagement by giving a lawful notice, but in the exercise of their freedom in this respect they should not, in our opinion, be permitted to incite or coerce by threats or any form of intimidation men who desire to give their labour."

This was encouraging, and if the view of the Commissioners be upheld we may yet claim that our country is

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down,
From precedent to precedent.

And if the workers of the country be organised into a really National Free Workers Society, it will so remain. I am, yours sincerely,

Buckminster Park, Grantham,
November 13th, 1912.

DYSART.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. By William Flavelle Monypenny. Vol. II, 1837-1846. With Portraits and other Illustrations. (John Murray. 12s. net.)

A History of English Glass-Painting, With Some Remarks upon the Swiss Glass Miniatures of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By Maurice Drake. Illustrated by 36 Plates from Drawings by Wilfred Drake. (T. Werner Laurie. £2 2s. net.)

Romantic Trials of Three Centuries. By Hugh Childers. Illustrated. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

A Modern History of the English People, Vol. I, 1880-1898. By R. H. Gretton. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)

The Letters of a Post-Impressionist. Being the Familiar Correspondence of Vincent van Gogh. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

The Malay Peninsula: A Record of British Progress in the Middle East. By Arnold Wright and Thomas H. Reid. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

Arrested Fugitives. By Sir Edward Russell. Illustrated. (James Nisbet and Co. 6s. net.)

Frances Willard, Her Life and Work. By Ray Strachey. With an Introduction by Lady Henry Somerset. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The War of the Schools. By E. H. Visiak and C. V. Hawkins. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

When Every Tree was Green. By G. F. Bradby. (Smith, Elder and Co. 3s. 6d.)

A Downland Corner. By Victor L. Whitechurch. (T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

Rights of Citizenship: A Survey of Safeguards for the People. By Sir William R. Anson, Bart., M.P., and Others. With a Preface by the Marquess of Lansdowne, K.G. (Frederick Warne and Co. 1s. net.)

Vital Lies: Studies of Some Varieties of Recent Obscurantism. By Vernon Lee. 2 Vols. (John Lane. 10s. net.)

The Land that is Desolate: An Account of a Tour in Palestine. By Sir Frederick Treves, Bart., G.C.V.O., C.B. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 9s. net.)

Selected Writings of William Sharp. Vol. V.—Vistas, The Gipsy Christ, and Other Prose Imaginings. Selected and Arranged by Mrs. Wm. Sharp. (Wm. Heinemann. 5s. net.)

A Housemaster's Letters. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)

The Book of the Serpent. By Katharine Howard. (Sherman, French and Co., Boston. \$1.)

Soldiering and Sport in Uganda, 1909-1910. By Captain E. G. Dion Lardner, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. (Walter Scott Publishing Co. 10s. net.)

The Engravings of William Blake: A Critical Study, together with a Catalogue Raisonné. By Archibald G. B. Russell, B.A. Illustrated. (Grant Richards. 25s. net.)

The Note-Books of Samuel Butler. Selections Arranged and Edited by Henry Festing Jones. With Portrait Frontispiece. (A. C. Fifield. 6s. net.)

Plays by Anton Tchekoff. Translated from the Russian by Marian Fell. With Portrait Frontispiece. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

The Upholstered Cage. By Josephine P. Knowles. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

The Sea and the Jungle. By H. M. Tomlinson. Illustrated. (Duckworth and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

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- Exodus, and Other Poems.* By Martin D. Armstrong. (Lynwood and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)
- News Songs for Old.* By Hervey White. (Maverick Press, Woodstock, N.Y.)

A Ship of Souls. By Hervey White. (Maverick Press, Woodstock, N.Y.)

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